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THE
FINISHED
GLOBE
OLD STORY
RETOLD
CREATION
AND
OTHER POEMS

HATHAWAY





RECEIVED
JAN 10 1918

CHAS. TILDEN

(Haitian)



Yours Truly
Benj Hathaway

"Do thou thy work, thou trust the Lord's decree,
That as thy work thy recompense shall be."

THE FINISHED CREATION

AND

Other Poems

BY

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY

"Though the mill . . . good grinds slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

From the German of FREDERICK OF LEIPSIG
By HENRY W. LEE



BOSTON:
ARENA PUBLISHERS, 10,
COPLEY SQUARE,
1892.



THE FINISHED CREATION

AND

Other Poems

BY

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY

" Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all."

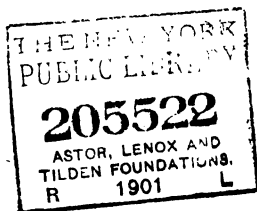
From the German of FREDERICH VON LOGAN,

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



BOSTON:
ARENA PUBLISHING CO.
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1892
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O Poet-heart! whose Prophet-songs
To-day the free winds scatter wide.
Though to thy yearning heart denied
The fame that to thy Muse belongs;—

Though unrequited toil and tears
Be thine, with Hope and Faith abide
Content, if so the thought they hide
Be published in a hundred years

a. Walsh Jan. 26/01 50c

TO MY FRIENDS.

DEDICATION.

*O Friends! Ye few most dear
To Him who sings in sylvan solitude
His artless numbers rude;
Ye who do stand so near
That mid the glorious galaxy enshrined
On radiant heights afar,—
Mid Suns of Song that light the world of Minda.
His lesser orb seems rounding to a star;—*

*For all your waiting hope,
Kind words of cheer and aid of gentle praise.
That in the darker days
Made strong his arm to cope
With all the grievous ills of adverse Fate,
Inspired his heart to yearn
And throb with aspirations high,—though late,
Herein, Beloved, to you he makes return.*

DEDICATION.

*And though, in Love's despite,
His songful page, by hollow praise entombed,
Be to Oblivion doomed;
Or if, to just requite
The toiling years, some meed of honest fame
He waits;— Oh, fate sublime!
Content to know, alike in praise or blame,
Your hearts he owns. All else he leaves to Time:*

*Time that rights every wrong,
Avenges all, compensates all; that brings,
As on immortal wings,
To all inspired song,
To all heroic deeds their just renown;
In whose embrace serene
The Poet sleeps,—though fades the laurel crown;
Beneath whose hand all graves alike are green.*

TO THE CRITIC.

*The judge is Time, whose judgment final is:
To-day may laud the Poet, or condemn;
The judgment of the years alone is just.
The measure that the Critic metes is most
The measure of himself; at best is his
Outlook upon a landscape that may stretch
Beyond the sunset; while the nearer hills,
Though haply verdure-clad, shut from his sight
Unmeasured leagues of that untraveled coast
Where loom and beckon the Elysian Fields.*

*Though with joy-quicken'd feet Italia's hills
We climb, that which we bear unto the hills
Alone we see; the grandeur and the loveliness
Are but the mind's reflection of itself;
We see but that we are, we can no more;
Above its source the fountain cannot rise.
The brute sees but the brute in all that live;
The seeing eye is one with what it sees:
One with his harp and song, the Poet is
A part of all the beauty he creates.*

*Who looks with critic, microscopic eyes,
 That magnify the mote, sees but the mote;
 If chance there be a mole on Beauty's brow,
 That mole on Beauty's brow alone is seen;
 The spots upon the sun obscure the sun;
 To him, however learned in all the schools,
 The fairest forms of Nature and of Art,
 Of Poesy,— their image most divine,
 The world of Beauty, is a world unknown:—
 To him, struck blind by the avenging Gods.*

*Ye who have clearer vision, broader view,
 Who from the mountain heights of freer thought
 Look on the world, alight with Truth Divine,
 Or wider, wonder-world of Poesy;
 Who in the form the rarer spirit see,
 Read in the letter the unwritten Word
 That re-creates, transfigures all: Ye who
 In Beauty more than Beauty's self behold;
 Count virtue still as virtue, nobleness
 As nobleness, though in the savage breast;—
 O! seek to find herein the Living Soul,
 Pervading all, informing all; that with
 A finer art, beyond the Poet's art,
 Wrought through the Poet's pen. So shall the years,
 From whose appraisal there is no appeal,
 But reaffirm your verdict of to-day.*

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LEGENDARY.

*In every age the Myth has been
The outward form of Truth to men,
Its inner soul is Truth Divine.
The Prophets old were they who saw
With clearer sight, in love and awe,
The spirit through the letter shine*

*As Science sees, from Error freed,
With clearer eyes, the Truth indeed,
Within the Truth that only seems.
So shall our deeper sight behold
In Mythic Lore a wealth untold
Of Truth beyond our wildest dreams.*

THE FINISHED CREATION.

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD.

THE MOTHER thou of Time
O Egypt ! Mother of the Gods, that hide
In august Sphinx; whose eyes, with stony lids
Stare on; whose lips in silence bide,
Though hiding truths sublime,—
The secrets of Creation's morning tide
Sealed in The Pyramids !

Most ancient Nilus ! If
Our eyes had seen, as thine, to beauty wrought,
Slow, stone on stone, each awful pile uprise;
If we, with clearer sight, could read the thought
Traced in each hieroglyph,
We had not said "Lo ! Time to us has brought
The day of all emprise."

Would ye but tell us all:
The world should lowly hearken, hushed in awe,
The Orient wisdom slumbering in your glance;
O! give us but the key, the cosmic law
Of legends mythical;
That we may thence the hidden meaning draw;—
The vast significance.

Pure from thy fountain well,
O Truth Divine! we would all truth possess;
Nor more with learning vast that now we bruit
With loud acclaim, our ignorance confess
Save of the empty shell;
Nor give our idle days, all purposeless,
To wrangle and dispute.

* * * * *

CELESTIAL GODS! They know
Nor day nor night: Osiris, greatest seen
Among the blest Immortals: Isis, she
Most beautiful! His bride, his consort, queen!
Like mortals here below
Alone in this: they taste the anguish keen
Of love, of jealousy.

His home was in the sun,
The glowing orb of heat and life and light:
Wide leaving in the heavens a shining track,
He oft with fiery steeds, in chariot bright,
When other task was done,
Would chase with flaming spears the demon Night
Far into Chaos back.

Her palace, meet and fit
For one supremely fair, surpassing fine,
Of silver built, far crowned the mountain height
On Luna's sheeny breast; oh, home divine!
There would the Goddess sit
Long hours, and watch Osiris glow and shine
Far in the quenchless light.

And oft she, passing thence,
Did cross the sapphire seas when her heart yearned
Unto her Mighty Consort, great and wise;
Upon whose hearth the fire eternal burned;
A glory so intense
That it all other light to darkness turned:
Too fierce for mortal eyes.

It chanced, when by his side
Upon the palace roof, a warrior train
She saw far off, and borne on eagles' wings,
The mighty Indra! He, returned again
From battle, gory-dyed!
He that had all the dreaded monsters slain,—
He, Friend of living things!

And Rama: Hero! One
That ever did the victor's banner bear;
And with him Sita that she yearned to see.
The bride of Rama, most divinely fair!
For oh! beneath the sun,
Save Isis' self, no deity is there
So beautiful as she.

Moved at the pageant grand,
Up-rose she in the joy of love's unrest;
Far gazing in her rapture, standing mute,
She loosed the cestus-girdle from her breast:
High in a snowy hand,
With belt that many a starry gem confessed,
She waved a glad salute.

Thereat, and instantly,
Between the marching hosts so robed in light
And them that from the palace roof looked down,
A somber shadow passed; enshrouding quite
In gloom both land and sea;
Nor yet was night, but oh! more dread than night:
Osiris' angry frown.

Their hearts, with love imbued,
To make a happy being long had planned:
And each with each, in all sweet confidence,
Had thought and wrought to shape the purpose
But now in jealous mood, [grand;
Said he: "I do not need your helping hand."
More wroth: "Home!— Get ye hence!!"

Then Isis, mild as fair,
Large-eyed as sacred cow, that meek doth take
Sweet grasses from the hand the faithful reach
To her within the temple, while they make
The hush more deep with prayer,
Arose; and if her heart full sore did ache.
Such wifely wrong to bear,—

She, softly smiling, spake:

[Her smile was faint as waning harvest moon]

“Farewell!” she said: “Farewell dear consort mine;
Farewell, my Lord! But you will call me soon;

Ha! ha! you cannot make,—
With all your skill, you cannot **make alone**
The Creature you design,

“However wise and great:

No, no, indeed! no more than you, **my Lord,**

Can be supremely happy without me.”

And knowing well the truth of every word,

She could afford to wait:

If more Osiris said, she only heard,

Loud thundered, “**We will see!**”

She turning went her way:

But ere she deigned the sapphire seas to roam.

Bent on her angry spouse a farewell smile;

Then fleet she climbed to Luna’s shining dome;

And there, day after day,

Sat on the silver roof of her far home,

And, knitting, watched the while.

And loud and louder still
Was heard Osiris, in his purpose crossed;
Till the near stars, like seeds in parched pods,
Did rattle; and some, falling out, were lost:
Still toiled the Mighty Will,
As there did grind, turned by an angry host,
The mills of all the Gods.

And still, as onward wore
The noisy days, did Isis watch and wait;
Make bright the lonely life she did not choose;
Seeing afar Creation's labor great.
Hearing the awful roar,
She knit, knit,—she, knitting early and late,
Never a stitch did lose.

Soon in the ample space
Arose a speck just on Creation's rim;
A growing world; and still it grew until
It seemed large as the moon, yet vague and dim;
Wrath on Osiris' face
She yet could see, if chance she looked on him
Of the imperious will.

It growing grew more fair:
Here mountain rose; there wide a plain outspread;
A river here; and there the rolling tide;
And lo! a form with graces garmented,
To motion wed was there;
And Isis, wondering, though she nothing said,
Her knitting put aside.

And he, the first of men,
Content, went up and down the land; and there
About him all the living creatures stood;
And though untamed they all unfrightened were,
So new created then:
All birds and beasts of earth and sea and air;—
All beautiful and good.

And happy in his life
The Creature seemed, as were the birds and bees;
And in the lull of the still laboring Will,
The Goddess heard, while knitting at her ease,
Above the clang and strife,
A scornful laugh far blown across the seas;
And with it loud and shrill:—

“Thy help indeed ! Behold
The Creature happy ! happy perfectly !”
But Isis, more upon her knitting bent,
Said to herself: “For long it cannot be.”
If grieved, her grief consoled
With,— “Life is not enough, as he will see,
To keep the Man content.”

Best medicine for care
Is useful labor; this the Goddess knew:
She patient was as was Osiris strong;
If he could tireless work the long day through,
She, patient, could forbear;
Forbearing, heal, with wifely heart and true,
The wounds of wifely wrong.

And soon the Wife Divine
A change beheld: The Man, content so late
In new delights that were already old,
Long, listless by the river prone would wait.
Or, moody, mope and pine:
As if the form of friend, or equal mate,
His eyes would fain behold.

Again she heard the roar
Of the Creative Will: For all his might,
All things were heretofore one sodden gray;
Behold! the Earth far flamed in colors bright;
A fairer beauty wore;
The mountains stood enrobed in purple light,
The woods in green array.

Now blue outspread the sea;
Green, springing grass wide carpeted the plain;
The river sparkled in the noontide glow:
The clouds far shone that had in darkness lain,
A gorgeous canopy!
The Man sprang up and clapped his hands amain,—
Went joyous to and fro.

Said Isis, with a smile:
"That was a happy thought, a happy thought
Indeed:— My Lord, although the best of men,
Has not, I know, the perfect being wrought,
As he will know erewhile;
The Creature's joy will surely come to naught:
My Lord will try again."

Thereat the thunder rolled
And shook the moon across the vaulted blue;
The Goddess mused, hearing the awful bruit:
"Still strives My Lord, unto his purpose true."
The turmoil to behold,
She dropped her knitting, as the marvel grew,—
In wonder standing mute.

And lo! the lightning stroke
Had cleft Earth's shackles all: None heretofore,
Save Man alone the gift of motion had;
The beasts that walk, the birds that sunward soar,
The winds, from slumber woke;
The leafing trees, that swaying branches bore,
Were all in freedom glad.

The rivers to the sea
Far leaped and ran; while in its briny bed
The ocean ebbd and flowed; its billows tossed
Aloft in glittering foam; while overhead,
Like birds, fleet-winged and free,
Across the sky in gay processions sped
The clouds, with gold embossed.

And for the Man was won
A new delight: And Isis heard again
The scornful laugh across the ether blue:
"Ha! ha! Thy help indeed! O Woman vain!
See what my hands have done!"
And louder, in a voice that shook the main:
"And all, Love, without you!!"

Though for his look austere,
And for his scorn full sore her heart did bleed,
She sweetly said, said with a wifely smile:
"That was well thought, My Lord! it was indeed!
Ever so well, my dear!
Ever so well: But it will serve his need
Only a little while."

And so, ere long again
These charmed no more, that, new, did him delight;
These to the Man became but things of course;
The rolling sea, the river's flow, the flight
Of birds, were all in vain;
His heart, that was for these so glad and light,
Pined as before, and worse.

She, to the Woman true,
A-knitting, made her fingers swifter fly;
And questioned: "Has my liege Lord any more
Such wonderful devices, he will try?
For all his hand can do,
The Creature is,— alas! if he should die,
More wretched than before.

Thereat, as if he heard
The thought, Osiris, on his fiery throne,
Again, as with the thunder of his will,
Far shook the Universe; so that alone
The sun stood firm, nor stirred.
And Isis looked: No change the world had known;
All, as before, was still.

Again she looked, and saw
No change; but as she smiled to know
Her Lord's inventions spent, a murmur stirred
The silence into sound: She looked, and lo!
The Creature, rapt, in awe,
Once more erect, delighted stood, for, oh!
Now first a sound he heard.

And sounds were everywhere:
Among the trees the birds their carols sang;
The winds low murmured; all created things
Found voices, each its own; discordant rang
Some; some melodious were;
Like happy harpers some, who loud do clang
Their harps, with silver strings.

Exultant minstrelsy !
In wrath of storm the billows lashed the land,
When Ocean loud in tones of thunder stirred;
The rivers murmured, lapsing on the strand,
On flowing to the sea;
And everywhere was music, music grand,
The Man had never heard.

And he, just born into
The world of Sound, found life itself more dear;
And to the song of bird, the tempest's roar,
The winds and waves, he lent a charmed ear;
Again, with gladness new,
He trod the joyous Earth, unvexed of fear,
More happy than before.

And Isis, musing, said:

“How well, how wondrous well my Lord has done;

Lo! out of Chaos, out of Night forlorn,

With color, motion, sound, his hand has won

A world, to beauty wed;

With light and form,— all he can do is done:

To these the World was born.

“Now he can do no more!”

And that the Creature, when this joy had passed,

Would wretched be again, the Goddess knew;

But thought, her Lord, relenting at the last,

Would yet her help implore:

Three,— five,— ten stitches, all at once! so fast;—

So fast her fingers flew.

The Man, so comforted,

For long it seemed, would never tire again;

But Isis knew Creation's work undone:

Nor minded more, or heard with little pain,

The while her knitting grew,—

The scornful laugh, across the ether main

Flung at her from the sun.

Still patient till the last;
Erelong she saw the near-approaching end:
Unto the Man all sounds familiar grew;
He, hearing, heard not; or would, listless, stand;
The wonder of it passed;
No sound was there, in that orchestra grand,
Unusual or new.

As wore the days, still more
He drooped and pined: Now Isis knew, in vain
Osiris had his last invention sped;
Still deepened more and more the Creature's pain,
The nameless grief he bore;
Until erelong, sick of that life inane,
He prone fell down as dead.

Then, in her pity great,
The Goddess spoke: "My Lord, it grieves me sore!
The Man will surely die, unless to him
Some one can comfort bring: I thee implore
My skill to try:— so late!"
Osiris, knowing he could do no more,
Sat stern, in silence grim.

Then Isis, her last stitch
Complete, her finished work she far below
Flung off: The brilliant roll, with life indued,
Close to the Creature fell: And he, although
An almost lifeless wretch,
At the strange sound he heard, looked up, and lo!
The Woman by him stood.

•
The first of Womankind!
Low by the first of Men she pitying bent:
A deeper joy than he had known before,
That unto life new charm and wonder lent,
Sprang in his heart and mind;
He rose up happy; cured his discontent;
Was happy evermore.

* * * * *

So STANDS the legend old:
O riddle hard to read! The type and sign,—
The outward symbol of a truth sublime,
Through which we see, though dim, a glory shine;
A truth as yet untold
To mortal ear; a truth whose light divine
Irradiates all Time.

Though from Creation's morn
To us come down; though in the rude disguise
Of myth and fable clothed; though old and gray;
Deep hidden in the mystic letter lies
A Truth, immortal born:
To span the Ages, set in morning rise
The problems of To-day.

Oft, as I sit and muse,
Interpreting anew Man's primal Creed,
I catch the meaning of the symbols old;
But wanting still the Prophet's vision, freed
From time and sense, I lose,
Anon, the mystic key, wherewith to read
The meanings manifold.

As low I bend my ear,
I hear, meseems, the discord, clang and jar
Of the New World, almost to beauty won.
Still, in all things that imperfections mar,
The toiling Will I hear;
I see the banished Isis, waiting far; —
Her knitting almost done!

Her eyes with tears impearled:
Behold ! her shining web, full finished late,
Down to the Earth she flings: Man to his feet
Up-springing glad, with a new purpose great,
Goes up and down the World.
The Woman by his side,— an equal mate !
Creation's work complete.

* * * * *

O THOU Osiris strong !
That, though by monster Typhon slain of old,
Still livest;— the Immortals cannot die !
In thy new resurrection waxing bold,
Chain thou the giant Wrong,
The demon Lust, the god whose name is Gold;—
All their vile progeny !

To her, steadfast and true,
Thy loyal Wife, though from thy home and heart
And regal throne long banished; unto her,
Now by thy august side, no more to part;—
O ! yield the homage due
Love's constancy: But for her finer art,
Thy work unfinished were.

O Isis ! deathless love
Like thine, all-patient, all-forbearing, and
Most Godlike, seen in thee, has surely won
Osiris' love anew: Now, hand to hand
In all good works, above
All jealous thought, henceforth serene to stand
Together in the sun.

ACTÆON.

O! Myths and Fables old,
When shall we read aright your sacred lore
Of Aryan, Hebrew, Norse, Egyptian, Greek?
Him to unlock the unimagined store,—
The awful truths ye hold
Deep in your secret crypts forevermore,
Hidden from days of eld, where shall we seek?

Oh! for the mystic key
To all your silent wards, where thought may climb
Into a purer world of thought, and reach
To realms that change not with the change of Time;
Where Art, more bold and free,
Shall shape, through finer Art, your truths sublime
Into our meaner thought and grosser speech.

Sealed to our eyes must be
These Scriptures of the Ages, till we learn
A long-forgotten language, older than
All ancient human tongues; till we discern
In beast and bird and tree
But types and symbols of these hearts that yearn:—
See Nature's living forms as outward Man.

Yet more than tongue can tell
They vaguely hint a vast significance;
And musing on the story of the Youth,
To whom, through love,—a love too all intense.—
Such baleful ills befell,
I catch some shadow of an inner sense.
The adumbration of a deeper truth.

She that far-trod the plain
Of host-beleagured Troy with warrior bow
And quiver full of arrows, such as hold
The seeds of nameless ills, nor less bestow
A quick release from pain;
The Hunter-Goddess, she, who more did grow
In beauty as in warrior valor bold;—

Diana, the twin-born;
Co-equal with Apollo, and no less
Heir through that kindred birth to kindred pow-
Rewarder, slayer, healer, prophetess! [ers;—
Bright as the risen morn
Was she among the Gods and Goddesses,
Whose feet immortal roam Arcadian bowers.

Whom lover never won:
Nor less did she, the Vestal Goddess chaste,
Demand of all the sacrifice her due;
Who, when delayed, sent the wild boar to waste
The fields of Calydon.
Like proffered wine that none may, living, taste,
She love inspired, and yet her lovers slew.

Her arrow, swift let fly,
Pierced with a mortal wound, for love of her,
The beautiful Orion who, in vain,
Dared look with eyes that all too ardent were
For maiden sanctity;
Dreaming he might to baser passion stir
A virgin breast unvexed of amorous pain.

And to avenge a wrong,
All the fair children born of Niobe,
Helped by the great Apollo, did she slay.
Though changed to stone the mother stands, still she
Sad weeps the summer long
For all her darlings she shall never see;—
So many and so beautiful were they.

And yet, not all unkind:
The nymphs that roam in faint disguise, or hide
In leafy haunts by river, mountain, grove,—
The Nereids, Oreads, Dryads; and beside,
The lamb and kid and hind;
All the sweet, harmless creatures that abide
In field and wood, her homage paid of love.

And foremost in the race
That did her reverence, through all kindness taught,
Was the far-famed Arcadian Stag, so fleet
That Hercules, swift-following, only caught
It in a year-long chase;
Then in full triumph to Mycenæ brought;—
The Stag with golden horns and brazen feet.

Alike are all the Gods:
Nor better she, nor worse; did love abound
In man, she love became; the vengeful man
In her alone a hand avenging found
To wield the scourging rods;
Who strove for virtue, she the victor crowned;
As good or evil did she bless or ban.

When the warm, sultry air
Of summer noons on all the woods was laid,
Where sleep, embowered, embosomed waters cool,
To far Gargaphia's deepest sylvan shade
Light fled that Goddess fair;
Fled with her hundred nymphs, there disarrayed,
To prank and gambol in the limpid pool.

Remote from haunts of men,
And all unseen, their glowing limbs to bare;
Unseen, or only by the pure, wild eyes
Whose home is in the wood and wave and air:
Oh! for the clearer ken
Of bird and beast, of evil unaware,—
The vision of the innocent and wise.

•

Without offence to see
Each virgin zone unclasped; see fair withdrawn
Each silken robe; see from each full-orbed form
Of maidenhood, white slip the snowy lawn;
See disrobed modesty
Blush, start with fond alarm, like frightened fawn;
Then by the floods embraced with kisses warm.

Oh beauty manifold!
Oh golden heads, whose shining locks, untressed,
Wide-flowing free, now hide and now reveal
Each warm, full-budding, palpitating breast!
Oh limbs of perfect mold!
Oh matchless shapes, in nameless graces dressed,
That the too ardent waves but half conceal!

Disrobed, each maiden rare,
Robed by the spray, to dazzling splendor grew;
Now lost to sight, now sparkling forth again,
Like lilies, lustrous with the morning dew,
Made more superbly fair;
Or roses, blushing with a glory new,
All gemmed and spangled with the summer rain.

•

Oh carnival of bliss!
The woods stood hushed in rapt expectancy;
Along the vale a yearning glory trailed;
For Nature, looking from each shrub and tree
On all this loveliness,
A part of her own beauty though it be,
Blushed to behold such beauty all unveiled.

Incarnate love complete!
Transcendent sight, a mortal heart to move;—
Glimpse of a heaven he may not enter in:
While he who dared to tread that sacred grove
With sacrilegeous feet,
Though tasting but the bitter-sweet of love,
Paid the dread price and penalty of sin.

Yet Man,—how bold and vain!
And many an ardent youth, with fiery soul,
Heroic, daring, brave, who might achieve
A deathless name, yet wanting self-control
To guide, impel, restrain,—
Point aspiration to its higher goal,
Is lost to fame and use beyond retrieve.

* * * * *

Brave and beloved was he,
Actæon, whom the famous Charon taught
To draw the bow, and in each nobler art:
In culling simples, such as healing brought;
In music, prophecy;
In leaping, running, wrestling,—till he wrought
First in all games that manly strength impart.

And oft, intent upon
Heroic deeds, strong in the growing might
And vigor of fresh manhood's puissance,
He tracked the ibex to the snowy height
Of storm-girt Helicon;
Or pierced the eagle in his airy flight,
That, screaming, circled in that blue intense.

The fleetest in the chase:
The chase, wherein, full-armed with spear and bow,
He with the great Diana's self could vie;
For oft had he, where fled the flying roe,
The foremost in the race,
Looked on the groves of olive, far below,
From Mount Cithæron's summit wild and high.

Nor in the chase alone
Was he renowned: Wherever warriors strove;
Wherever were Olympian honors won;
Wherever bold adventurous heroes drove,
On trackless seas unknown,
Their gallant barks, there did Actæon roam;—
The glory shared when daring deeds were done.

So oft had he withstood
The stress that puts high manhood to the proof,
The fair Arcadian maids did on him smile
With love unfeigned; though still, in love's behoof,
As unsought maidenhood,
Feigning a coyness meet; while, far aloof,
They yearned to him with hearts unsoiled of guile.

Dear love! oh, who can say
How much of all thy sweetness runs to waste,
Or sheds on lonely wild its rare perfume?
We see the orchard stand in beauty chaste,—
Oh miracle of May!
And yet, alas! how little fruit we taste,
. Rich, luscious, ripe, for all that wealth of bloom.

Still may this lavish dower
Of love to human hearts beyond their need,
Like beauty that the barren trees adorn,
In beauty's self excuse for being plead;
The simple wildwood flower,
With all its sterile charms, still ripens seed
To flood with splendor summers yet to be.

And yet, how oft we miss
The good we might have won, in eager haste
To grasp a fairer good; the overflow
Of simple human joys let run to waste,
To sip the nectared bliss
That only they, the blest Immortals, taste;
And thus the sweets of love we never know.

And so Actæon, he,
Although he felt the warmth of loving eyes,
By gentle maiden heart was yet unwon;
He still postponed the joy of tender ties,—
A glory yet to be!
Content with worship of their yearning eyes,
And whispered praise for deeds of glory done.

What time at highest noon,
His red-lipped hounds beside him, weak and lame,
Faint from the hunt, nearing the sacred rills,
Wherein he oft had cooled his fevered frame,
Trilling a careless tune,
So comforting his heart for the lost game,
The wild goats browsing on the Attic hills;—

As home he faring strode
Along the vale, by chance,—or so I deem,
Hid by the myrtle boughs and laurel sprays,
His faithful dogs warm-panting for the stream;—
Before him sudden showed
That vision fair; more fair than mortal dream
Of him who may not on Immortal gaze.

Oh! virgin charms beyond
The wildest dream of maiden perfectness,
Free-sporting wanton in the wooing tide,
That round each fairy form did fondly press;
While, with embrace as fond,
Each nymph returned the ardent wave's caress,
That, faint with love, in fading ripples died.

Impassioned heart of Youth!
Such maddening draughts of beauty, seen so near,
Such soul-entrancing sight, how can you dare?
A man may taste a luxury too dear.
Yet, in all sober truth,
Say ye, ye schooled in Virtue's code severe,
Would ye have fled, would ye have lingered there?

Ye who all proudly stand,—
Bear to the world a bright, unsullied name,
Whose hearts have felt alone the tempered glow
Of fond desire, and not the fiercer flame
To conflagration fanned;
Bethink, before you all too harshly blame,
How had it been, had you been tempted so?

One glance;—he turned to flee:
While in his breast, like tides tumultuous swayed,
Desires, contending, warred as fierce as Fate;
What virtue, honor, gallantry forbade,
His eyes warm-yearned to see;
But one fond look on that Olympian Maid;—
Then would he hence.—Alas! bold Youth, too late.

As woodland bird, that nigh
Sees on her bent the serpent's shining eyes,
Feels all things pass and sits as without wings,
So charmed beyond all pain, nor moves nor cries,
Losing the power to fly;
Or falling prone, in death-like stupor lies,
Until some friendly hand deliverance brings;—

So did Actæon stand;
So was he charmed; all things, earth, wood and skies,
Went from him; while, as if by lightning stroke
Delivered from this body's frail disguise,
Or touched by wizard wand,
He, rapt, became all longing and all eyes,
In tides of passion that all barriers broke.

Lost to all sense of fear,
All sense of shame, as in a swoon profound,
Till fallow hind, asleep beside the trail,
Waking, did frightened flee; thereat each hound,
Pricking an eager ear,
Quick snuffed the air with sudden leap and bound;—
Then far and fleet went yelping down the vale.

As when, with stately tread,
The gentle farm-yard doves, all snowy-white,
Thick on the path where led the harvest wain,
Pick up the scattered corn in wild delight,
Till swoops the Falcon dread;
Then, as one bird, upswirl in sudden fright,
Strain every wing the sheltered cote to gain;—

So, springing from the wave,
The startled Nymphs fled to the leafy grove;
Nor yet forgot their vesture in their haste.
The deep ambrosial shade, with arms of love,
Them willing refuge gave;
Trembling and panting like the frightened dove,
Re-robed, they swift the home-led path retrace.

Oh anger of the Gods!
Who follows where unhallowed passion leads,
Finds from each wrong-avenger no retreat;
And no reprieve of pain finds he who needs
The culprit-scourging rods,
When judgment follows instant evil deeds,
And justice seals the penalty as meet.

Oh mystery of Fate!
How oft we see, in spite of lavish dower
Of regal gifts, the very flower of men,
With purpose, opportunity, the power,
The genius to be great,
Lured from the upward way in evil hour,
Lost to the world as they had never been!

Diana's deepest ire,—
All that divinest vengeance may devise,
Did he, Actæon, feel; who dared to feast
On Beauty's sacred charms with wanton eyes;
From him all high desire,
All sweet affections, born of tender ties,
She took;—aye! took the man and left the beast.

As native of the wood,
All knowledge, instinct-born, alone he knew;
He felt the hairy hide encompass him;
Upon his head wide-antlered horns upgrew;
On cloven feet he stood;
Into his breast the wild, brute passions drew;—
He felt the forest Stag in every limb.

Desire,— but for the hind
Fair in the mountain valleys far astray,—
Stirred in his breast: He stretched each lusty limb
For eager flight; fleet in their first essay,
They all their strength unbind:
On to the ampler hills;—still on,—away;—
The thick-embowering woods will welcome him

His faithful dogs, returned,
Their Master miss. Wide-circling, soon they find
The new-made track:—The Stag is yet their prey:
Again, with eager leaps, they snuffed the wind,
And with fresh arder burned;
Then, leaving far the laurel groves behind,
Their loud mouths bellowed on the mountain way.

Still on they, circling, bear;
Now up,—Cithæron's stormy summit nigh;
Now panting on the height, each eager hound
Apollo's sacred shrines goes howling by;
Nearing the game, they there
On fleeter bound; while to each yelp and cry,
More loud and deep, the answering woods resound.

Still up;—still on he strains
Each failing limb, that weary, trembling, aches;
Now high above the fir-tree's green and gloom;
More near the dogs; more near, more fearful breaks,
Thrilling the hills and plains,
Their loud-tongued baying, that new terror wakes
In the poor brute, on-hurrying to his doom..

The Gods and Goddesses
From Mount Parnassus leaned with listening ear;
The nymphs and fauns and satyrs,—all that tread
Those sacred groves, far-harkening, paled with fear;
The frantic Thyades,
Deep in their bacchic revels, turned to hear:—
Then to the vale in quaking terror fled.

Oh most ill-fated Stag!
His breast wild pants, not for the gentle hind
In grassy fields, but the eternal snows
On rocky heights, where he may refuge find.
Still on,—from crag to crag;
Near, and more near, loud bellowing down the wind,
The swift on-following dogs around him close.

More near;—more fierce and shrill,
More loud and deep is that wild chorus, borne
Through shuddering woodlands to the vale below;
A blended roar of discords, all forlorn,
Far-heard;—then all is still:
That hapless Stag lies prone, — all stark and torn;—
His blood far-sprinkled on the mountain snow.

High on that periled way,—
Bleak, icy fields, that no glad summers warm,
Where the fierce wintry tempests rage and mock,
The scattered fragments of that stately form
The hunter sees to-day:
From age to age, in that wild realm of storm,
His bones lie bleaching on the barren rocks.

My simple tale is told:
Methinks, though clothed in myth and mystery.
The story hides, like life hid in the seed,
Truths that our doubt-dulled eyes yet fail to see —
Truths that are never old:
The hidden import deep,—if such there be,—
However much I would, I cannot read.

Yet oft, as muse I, lone,
On human ills; the sorrows, all untold,
Of broken hearts; of happy households hurled
To sudden wreck, through passions uncontrolled;—
Hark ravished Beauty's moan;
I seem to hear, as in the Fable old,
Actæon's hounds loud-baying down the world.

ANTÆUS.

In the old Myths what wondrous truths lie hidden.
We turn with careless hand some volume hoary,
Nor guess the feast to which our Souls are bidder.
We read in dusty pages
Of Heroes dead: The story in the story
We do not heed, or read with darkened eye.
Oh! for the deeper ken,
The clearer sight, the gift to prophesy,—
To utter thence the secrets of the Ages
Unto all men.

Most mighty among wrestlers and the greatest
Most godlike, was Antæus of the fable;
Son of the Sea and Earth. If born the latest.
No less did he inherit
All powers of Earth and Sea; and therefore able,
He did compel all to his stern behest.
If only in the fight
His feet were planted on his Mother's breast,
She filled him ever with her quenchless spirit
And conquering might.

Thus girt and aided in all high endeavor,
Wrestling to conquer, all his foes defying,
Forth came he from the dread encounter even
Unvanquished, undefeated;
Till from the skulls of fallen hosts, thick-lying,
Skulls of the bravest that his hand had slain
Up-piling still, and higher,
He builded to the Gods an altar-fane,
A temple unto Neptune dedicated,—
His august Sire.

At length the secret of his strength divining,
That from his Mother's breast and spirit vital
He drew his force, great Hercules, designing
Antæus to disable,
Did wrathful challenge him to combat mortal.
Him, in fierce onset, round his waist did clasp
And from the earth up-drew;
There held and crushed him in his awful grasp
And so the greatest wrestler of all fable
He overthrew.

Is there for us no lesson in the story?
Like him, Antæus, are we vanquished lying;
With Hercules of Evil, old and hoary,
How have we vainly striven;
Until at length, bereaved, despairing, dying,

With aching hands or idle, seeking long
For some serene employ,
We sink beneath a heritage of wrong;
Doubt if, so far away, there is a haven
Of peace and joy.

In thronging marts, where vain ambition barter
Our nobler being for our daily living,
We, toiling, live and die, unwilling martyrs,
Without the martyr's glory.
In bootless getting or as bootless giving;
In some blind faith, unhallowed, prisoned fast;
In fear and doubt and pain,
We bow us down unto dumb Idols; cast
Our darlings to some Juggernaut, all gory
With victims slain.

Let us far flee this anguish and oppression,
Once more, to Nature's mother-breast returning,
Re-conquer our lost birthright and possession;—
So break the chains that bind us.
The green fields wait us with a deathless yearning:
The forests vast their friendly hands outreach;
The rivers, murmuring, pray;
The prairies wide do beckon and beseech:
Leaving the Past and its despair behind us,—
Come — come away!

Our toil, though rude, shall hearten and ennoble;
Our hands, though hardened, truest wealth shall treat—
Be strong to banish all the ills that trouble, [ure;
Till, all our loss retrieving,
The goal be won of Freedom, Plenty, Leisure:
Freedom to climb,—unto all heights attain,
Whereto we dare aspire;
Plenty,—enough, without wealth's galling chain;
Leisure to yearn, to strive,—therethrough achiev—
Our heart's desire: [ing

Home,—home, love, friends,—home with all blessing
Where we may come and go with feet untiring; [laden,
Where evermore, like heart of youth and maiden,
Each to the other given,
Our labor shall be one with our desiring.
Then shall life's brighter destiny unroll,
Fair as the greening sod;
Then shall rejoice the liberated Soul,
Growing forever in its hope of Heaven
And faith in God.

THE NORLAND LOVERS.

A Finnish Legend. §

Lo ! she comes, a promised bride:
Pearls of silver in the grass,
Flowers in all their summer pride
Smile to see the maiden pass;
Comes she at the early dawn,
In her bridal robes arrayed;
Fair and gentle as the fawn
Is the lovely Norland Maid;
But, alas !
All too soon the roses fade.

“Thus alone at early morn
Whither would my sister rove?
Scarcely yet, in note forlorn,
Sighs the wood-dove in the grove;
Marriage robes suit not with sighs,
Tears but cloud the nuptial moon;
In pale cheeks and troubled eyes
Do I read a sorrow-rune:
Is it, love,
That the roses fade so soon?”

Sad the Norland Maid replied:
"Tears are meet for maiden care;
Fair to deck a waiting bride
Gaudy flowers unsuited are;
Far I seek, O sister dear!
Lilies in the greenwood shade;
In my nuptial hour so near,
Would I be in them arrayed:
Frail as fair,
All too soon the roses fade."

"Dear the wild woods, summer-clad;
Them again I go to see;
Hark the song-birds, singing glad;
See each flower and shrub and tree;
Once, ere yet I am a bride,
Would I hear the solemn wail
Of the winds in forests wide;
Tread each long-familiar trail;
For,—ah me!
All too soon the roses pale."

"Let me bear, —oh, fleeting bliss!
While the dew is on the grass,
To my friend a parting kiss,—
To the green-wood let me pass.
Say unto our mother dear,

Should my coming be delayed,
Flowers to deck my nuptial near,
Seek I in the forest shade;
For, alas !
All too soon the roses fade."

Forth she wandered: By the mere,
Sitting somber, did she see
One,—the one to her most dear,
Writing on the sand was he;
And the thoughts there traced, I read,
Told of love,—of love betrayed,
Happiness forever fled,
Of a false and fickle maid.
Flowers that be
Loveliest the soonest fade.

Spake she to her lover: "Why
Dost thou scornful turn from me?
Why this cold and evil eye?
I am faithful, love, to thee,—
Faithful is this heart of mine;
Though in bridal robes arrayed
For another, I am thine;
Still thy faithful Norland Maid
Will I be,
Though so soon the roses fade."

“Loving vows are empty air,”
Said the youth, in quick reply:
“See thy nuptial robes so fair,—
Love’s long promise, these deny;
True, but to another true,
Thou wilt be a bride ere noon;
His,—not mine. O Love! adieu;
Sweetest, yet life’s saddest boon:
Why, oh! why
Fade the roses all too soon?”

From her thence he would have fled:
Him her loving arms detain;
Love, by maiden passion fed,
Love unseals her lips again:
“If thy heart is faithful to
Her, thy loving Norland Maid,
As to thee her love is true,
Never will I Fate upbraid,
Nor complain
That too soon the roses fade.”

“Dost thou not remember, dear,
In our bark, how oft have we
Seen the Blissful Islands near,
Pillowed on the silver sea?
Oh! that voyage to try again,

Where the snowy lily grows;
Sing the joyous songs amain,—
Love that knows no mortal close:
Let it be,
Though too quickly fades the rose.”

In their boat the lovers glide
Out beyond the world of wrong;
As of old, the farthest tide
Glad reechoes to their song;
Though the marvelous refrain
Charmed afar the listening vale,
Mingled with each joyous strain
Came anon a sorrow-wail,
Loud and long:
All too soon the roses pale.”

Fell a silence on the lake:
“Dearest, wouldst thou pass again
To a world where hearts do break,—
To a world of care and pain?
Am I not thy bride to be?
In my bridal robes arrayed,
In thy loving arms:—Ah me!
Shall we linger, love, afraid,
Where, in vain,
All too soon the roses fade?”

Then the hapless lover pressed
To his heart his promised bride;
Lip to lip, in wild unrest,
Plunged they in the darkling tide.

* * * * *

Oft when storms are on the lake,
And the woods are tempest-swayed,
Comes a plaint, that seems to make
Moaning for the Norland Maid,—
She that died:
“Sweetest roses soonest fade.”

§ *A Finnish maiden was betrothed to a manly youth.
The parents opposed the union, and promised her to another.
The day for the nuptials had arrived.*

WHY THE BEAR IS STUMPY-TAILED.

Tales from the Norse.

ONE day as the Bear all alone through the wood,
Half frozen with the cold and the sleet,
Went growling and snarling in a hungry mood,
For poor Bruin had nothing to eat;—

He met an old fox that lived under the hill,
Cunning Reynard, of robbers the chief;
He was slinking along, as any knave will,
With some fish he had stolen,—the thief.

“Ho!” says Bruin, “dear fellow, whither away?
That I am your best friend I avow;
And knowing how great is the honor, I pray,
Tell me, where did you get these, and how?”

“Your worth, my lord Bruin, I honor so well,”
Said the wily marauder,—“you need
Never fear but to you the truth I will tell,—
I went fishing and caught them,—indeed!”

The bear, none too wise, howso valiant and bold,
Or but wise in his simple conceit,
Not thinking at all how he oft had been sold
By Reynard, the miserable cheat;—

Said he: "Noble sir, as I know your good will,
That so frequent your friendship has shown,
You shall teach me the art, and no doubt my skill
Will in fishing soon equal your own."

"As you please," said the fox, and inwardly laughed,
Just to think: "Such a fool of a bear!"
"Why the craft, my dear sir, is so easy a craft,
It is nothing but fun, I declare."

"You see, you just put through a hole you can make
In the ice,—that is all of the plan,—
That wonderful tail of yours down in the lake,
And there hold it as long as you can."

"And if it should smart, why, you need not to mind
For the paining, for then you will know,
Without moving a paw, without looking behind,
That the fish are a-biting below"

"And one thing remember, most valiant and bold,
In your fishing, though hungry and wet,
That the longer you hold and the stiller you hold,
Of these fishes the more you will get."

"Be sure when you pull that you pull with a will,
Give a cross pull, a side pull and strong,
And if for your fishing you have not your fill,
Then for once say old Reynard is wrong."

Through the cold and sleet,—oh, the bitterest day!
Never dreaming, not he, he might fail,
To a hole in the ice hurried Bruin away,
In it plumped down his beautiful tail.

Said he,— though he shivered all over with cold:

"Sure, this pain I will never regret;
The longer I hold and the stiller I hold,
Of these fishes the more I will get."

He never once stirred till he thought, by the smart.

"Odin! how they are biting my tail!"

Said he: "I will pull with a jump and a start,
To be sure this, my fishing, don't fail."

So he gave SUCH a pull,—intent but to know
What would come of old Reynard's advice;
A cross pull, a strong pull, a side pull,—and lo!
That fine tail:—IT WAS LEFT IN THE ICE!

If my story you doubt, then let Bruin, —if need,
Be my witness; in truth you will see,
Of that beautiful tail,—what a pity indeed!
Now, alas!—only where it should be.

WASIS,—The Invincible.

A Penobscot Legend.

What time the Mighty Master, he,
The Lord of Men,
With battle-ax and warrior-bow,
Had slain or conquered every foe
That dwelt in mountain, wood and fen,—
The goblins fierce, the giants tall,
The ghosts, the sorcerers, witches,—all
The Evil Host of land and sea;—

Recounting all his deeds sublime,
Said he, and sighed:
“I wonder if my work is done;”
In accents low, “Not yet my son,”
From matron lips, was soft replied;
“One all unconquered do I know;
One that, for all your might, shall go
Unconquered to the end of Time.”

“Pray who is he?”—the Master spake:
 Said she, thereat,
 “The mighty Wasis there you see,—
 The One Invincible is he;”
 Low pointing where the baby sat:
 “Of him I warn you,—let him be;
 Him if you seek to conquer, he
 Will sure for you sore trouble make.”

As half in scorn, he that had bent
 A mighty bow,—
 In battle never known defeat,
 Looked on the baby at his feet,
 That only knew to coo and crow,
 To cry and eat, to sleep and wake,
 Sit on the mat and suck his cake
 Of maple-sugar, well content;—

He, Lord of men, a baby, too,
 Could rule and sway;
 He, like to people all have known,
 Who have no children of their own,
 To conquer him knew just the way;
 Knew better than a mother knows,—
 Knew how with kisses or with blows
 The little tyrant to subdue.

So with a most bewitching smile,
The Master spake:
"Come here, my son;" but all in vain;
In gentler speech, he thought to feign
The mother's tongue; he strove to make
Such music as the summer bird;
The baby smiled, yet never stirred,
But sucked his sugar-cake the while.

Then with some terror-waking word
And visage grim,
Said he to Wasis, sitting glum:
"Come here!!"—but Wasis would not come;
In vain the Mighty strove with him;
Though loud the baby yelled and cried,
He more the Master's wrath defied;
Still from the mat he never stirred.

Then, what his magic arts could do,
He tried,—tried all
His spells of power, his songs of might,
That wake the dead, the devils fright,—
Such as the stoutest hearts appall;
His wizzard charms he vain essayed;
Still baby sat, all unafraid,
And laughed and crowed and said "goo! goo!"

The Master Great, he that could dare
 The battle-fray,
 Looked on the little brave, that sat
 And cooed and crowed,—the baby that
 No bribe could win, no threat dismay;
 And, knowing one so bold as he
 Would evermore unconquered be,
 Gave up the contest in despair.

And to this day, if chance you see
 The baby smile
 In deep content, go “goo” and crow,
 You know not why, you then may know
 That he remembering is, the while,
 How he the Mighty overcame;
 For, known or all unknown to fame,
 The One Invincible is he.

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE.

Or how the coyote brought it to the Karok.

The Karok plenty had to eat
Of pike and salmon from the weir,
The meat of elk, of bear and deer,
But had no fire to cook his meat.
Though wigwam-sheltered from the storm,
And clad in skins from days of old,
He sat and shivered with the cold;
He had no fire to keep him warm.

Far toward the rising sun, in land
Where yet the Karok never strayed,
The fire, by Great Ka-re-ya made,
Was secret kept; a quenchless brand,
In sacred casket hid away,
Where none could steal it; biding there,
Two hags, that old and ugly were,
Did watch and guard it night and day.

Of all the beasts that roam the wood,
The coyote the most crafty is;
All tricks, all low intrigues are his,
By him all wiles are understood;
And oft the cunning thief and liar
Had helped the Karok in a strait;
And now to him, through perils great,
Would bring the precious gift of fire.

From out the wild he thence did call
Each shaggy brute: the lion, bear,
The panther, deer, raccoon and hare,—
Down to the frog, the least of all.
Then in a line, along the waste
Of snowy leagues, he bade them stand;
The strongest in that far-off land,
The weakest nearest home he placed.

Unto the cabin straight he went,
That hid the casket's precious store;
He knocked; came hurrying to the door
The ugly hags, with fierce intent.
In honeyed words of flattery, wed
To sweetest speech, said he,—the liar,—
"I would to warm me by your fire
A little space:"—"Come in," they said.

So in he went, in from the storm,
Stretched himself out, yet kept always
His snout turned to the friendly blaze;
He snuffed the heat, lay still and warm;
He, feigning sleep, scarce dared to wink,
Yet watched the hags with furtive sight,
Who never slept:—the whole long night
He nothing did but watch and think.

When morning came, revolving still
Some scheme to make his purpose hold,
He left the hut; an Indian bold
He found, near-hid behind the hill;
To him he said:—"With whoop and shout,
Fall on the cabin, make a din,
A noise and tumult; I, within,
The while will steal the fire, no doubt."

So, hurrying back across the wold,
He prayed once more to sit awhile
Beside the blaze; and,—schooled in guile,—
He feigned to be half dead with cold.
That such a simple dolt could steal
Their sacred trust, they had no fear;
Said they, "Come in." As he drew near
The flame, again its warmth to feel;—

There rose a hubbub, clang and shout :
The hags, that, from the noise and din,
Thought sure some one was breaking in
To steal the fire, rushed wildly out.
As through one door, with warrior hand,
The women ran, with wary tread,
The coyote through the other fled;—
Between his teeth a blazing brand.

Still on,—not daring to look back :
The scattered sparks far-lit the waste;
While after him, wild-screaming, chased
The ugly hags, close on his track.
Just as he thought, in sorest need,
To feel their all-avenging hand,
The waiting lion took the brand,
And bore it on with all his speed.

He, fleet and far, and without fear,
The burden bore through wild and wood;
Yet none too soon he, panting, stood,
And gave it to the willing deer;
And he, that almost seemed to fly,
Had only time, and none to spare,
All out of breath, to reach the bear
Before the hurrying hags went by.

So on was borne that brand of flame:
The panther, fox, raccoon and hare
Did each the firey burden bear,
 With other beasts, I need not name.
The last but one, the squirrel, he
 Went hurrying on; from flying spark
 His tail ablaze:—still is the mark
Along his back, as you can see

The frog, poor brute, that could not run
His ample mouth wide opened brave
And took the fire, the squirrel gave,
 And gulped it down; quick thereupon
He gave a jump;—just then did they,
 The old hags, catch him; or so nigh,
 They tweaked his tail off:—that is why
He has no tail unto this day.

The frog can swim and never tire:
So, diving, on that brand he bore;
And far away, along the shore,
 He in the drift-wood spit the fire.

* * * * *

If this, my story true, you doubt,
 Take sticks from any drift-wood tree,
 Rub them together,—you will see
The long-time hidden fire come out.

THE THREE SEEKERS.

A Micmac Legend.

In days of old,—
In days when wondrous deeds were wrought,
The rumor rose and waxed amain
Through all the land: He who besought
The Mighty Glooskap, in that day
His every heart's desire would gain:
"Come! let us seek The Master, pray,"
Upspake three Micmac warriors bold.

Charmed with the song
The blue bird wakes in early spring,
They took their way; still on, and on;
The summer passed on fleeting wing;
The autumn fled; still, day by day,
Through the long winter, weak and wan,
They tramped nor tarried; still away:
For unto Him the way is long.

Still on, and on,
Until the next midsummer time;
Through forests vast, beyond compare.
By rivers broad, by lakes sublime
The blazed trees led; the pathway trailed
By mountain slopes, through valleys fair;
At length, with joy, afar they hailed
The wigwam of The Mighty One.

And there the Three
Did enter in: a brave thereat
Arose and gave them welcome all;
Near, prone with age, a woman sat,—
A mountain pine the storms had swept
A hundred years; yet they let fall
No question, but due silence kept,
Until their guests should rested be.

They, far and faint,
Heard sound of paddles, a canoe
Drawn on the shore; and then the Chief,
Late from the chase, in garments new,
And bearing weapons newly wrought,
The Mother greeted, kind but brief:
"Some game" he said: She forth and brought
Four beavers in, with sore complaint.

So old and bent,
To dress the beasts she vainly tried;
The Chief said: "Brother lend a hand;"
Then quick was stripped each furry hide.
The woman took of parts the best,
She cooked the meat, a banquet grand
She spread before each hungry guest;
They supped on beaver, well content.

And so they stayed
Till rested of their weariness;
And when unto a week had grown
The days, a wonder came to pass:
When they had washed the Mother's face,
Behold! the wrinkles all had flown;
Old age had changed to maiden grace,
And in all loveliness arrayed.

By mortal eye
Such beauty never had been seen;
Her hair, that scanty was and white,
Like black bird's wing, in glossy sheen,
Hung to her feet; in fine array,—
In beaded, snowy kirtle dight,
So lovely, she all hearts did sway
Like cedars when the winds are high.

The Strangers cried:
"He must a great magician be;
For only one with magic hand
Can work such miracle as he."
And everywhere, by sea and shore,
A beauty lay on all the land;—
The land that grows forevermore
More fair to all who there abide.

The trees, so tall,
With foliage rich, with fragrant flowers,
Stood in wide groves; a grateful shade
They lent through all the summer hours;
Wherein their feet could wander free
In joyous leisure, unafraid;
While brooded, far as eye could see,
The tempered sunshine over all.

They felt the tide
Of life a-flood, and knew their feet
Did in the Land of Wonder wait;
Then he, the host, with kindness meet,
Them asked of all they yearned to speak;
Said they: "We seek The Master Great,—
The Mighty Glooskap do we seek:
"Lo! I am He," the host replied.

There fell on them
A mighty awe; around him shone
A glory and a majesty,
A glory to their eyes unknown,—
A presence of the Mighty One;
Lo! as the woman changed, had He;
A splendor like the risen sun
Made radiant his garment's hem.

But waxing bold
In that diviner atmosphere,
They forth their bosom-secrets drew;
Or, with that noble Friend so near.
They felt again their souls aspire
To all things high and pure and true;
And of their yearning hearts' desire
They, each in turn, The Master told.

So spake the first:
"Alas a wicked man am I;
With temper fierce, too prone to strife
And quick to wrath, my hands I ply
To evil deeds:— Oh, woe is me!
Yet would I lead a holy life,
Would patient, meek and gentle be;
No longer with these evils cursed."

The second said:

"Lo! I am poor,—I have but needs;
I toil, and yet I hardly fare
As fares the dog the master feeds;
I would be rich in all things good,
Abundance have, and yet to spare.
Of all the wealth of wave and wood,
Nor toil but for my daily bread.

The third: "Ah me!

I am a man of low estate,
Despised and hated; I would fain
Be loved by all the good and great,—
Some worthy place of honor take;
No longer weak and mean, but gain
All strength and grace:" The Master spake,—
Said unto each: "So shall it be."

Then He straightway
Took from his sack of medicine
A magic ointment; of it He
Free gave to each; and when within
The royal wigwam, thence He gave
New garments to the strangers three;
None ever saw a warrior-brave
Appareled in such rich array.

When to their home
They would depart, the Master rose,
Put on his belt, and led the way
In paths no after-footprint shows.
By noon the mountain top they gained;
Another peak, faint, dim and gray,
They just could see; ere daylight waned,
They to its rocky top had clomb.

Far looking on
Each scene sublime, they, wonder-fed,
Stood waiting for The Friend to lead:
"Behold your home:" The Master said.
Lo! as they looked, they were alone:
Familiar all; they were, indeed,
In paths their feet for long had known;—
At home!— before the set of sun.

And on them gazed
Their near of kin, yet knew them not;
So changed in all;— such garments grand,
Such royal graces had they got,
Such manners fine. They told of all;—
The story of that wonder-land,
The marvels that did them befall;
All, old and young, were sore amazed.

Then forth they brought
The precious gifts; on opening, lo!
Each box a magic ointment hid,
More fragrant than all flowers that blow;
Each smeared with it his mortal frame
Completely, as The Master bid;
With that divine anointing came
To each the promised good he sought.

Now, he that erst
Was rude and homely, weak and mean,
Despised by all, was fair to see;
No brave in all the land was seen
So beautiful; so tall he stood
And stately, like the cedar tree;
For grace and for behavior good,
Among all men he was the first.

He, in the thrall
Of life-long labor, want and care,
Now all things in abundance had,—
Had in abundance and to spare:
The deer, the moose and caribou
Came unto him; the trout and shad
Leaped in his nets; the joy he knew
Of wealth, and sharing it with all.

He that had stood
In paths of sin, with evil mind,
Now patient, meek and gentle grew;
So kind a man among his kind,
That other men for virtue chose;
Till all The Master's blessing knew;—
The blessing that still waits on those
Who wisely wish for all things good.



LYRICAL.

*Thought is one with the Eternal:
Thought, the Builder, working through
Cycles vast and manifold,
Building, built the Heavens supernal;
Building, builds the World anew:—
What is builded waxeth old.*

*Thought is old;— yet new the Story:
Robed in Beauty's garments new,
Out of rhythmic measures spun,
Thought puts on a borrowed glory,
As Earth, robed in morning dew,
Wears the splendors of the sun.*

MAY BLOSSOMS.

The Earth no fairer pageant sees:
A benison to sense and sight
Stand forth the apple trees;
The honeysuckles, flowering free,
The lilacs, in new beauty dight
Are robed in purple, pink and white;
And every blossomed shrub and tree
Is all a-hum with bees.

What alchemist from shore to shore
Has touched the world with magic wand,
That barren was before?
All are of life so over-full,
The springing grass in all the land,
The leafing trees, that trembling stand,—
At any strangest miracle
I would not marvel more.

To me it would no wonder seem,
Touched by this life-restoring May,
 Whatever skeptics deem,
Should youth again these limbs endue;
To find myself a boy at play
Upon the greening hills away;
 Dreaming such dreams as boyhood knew,—
 As youth alone can dream.

Such dreams as haunt the breast to-day
Of all who toil with noble aim,
 Who tread life's flowery May,
Bearing a full heart's yearning need
For love, for friends, for wealth, for fame,—
All treasures beyond power to name:
 Some, haply, might come true indeed,
 Of all that fair array.

The chance again to me would come
Of life, with all that life endears,
 Without its storm and gloom;
Its loss that time with anguish floods—
With sorrows all too deep for tears;
Its treasures strewn along the years,
 Dead hopes and sundered ties;—May buds
 That never came to bloom.

Then I the free, wide world would roam:
Would seek, to gird all manly powers,
 From men, from storied tome,
 All knowledge that can charm or bless;
And in a clime that nature dowers
With sweetest fruits, with fairest flowers,
 I would some spot in beauty dress,
 And christen it "My Home."

Where grassy fields slope to the tide.
Should groves, far-stirred by mountain air,
 My simple cottage hide;
For use and beauty, not for show,
Should it be built; there would I bear
The fairest maid, and good as fair,—
 More fair than any maid I know;
 And she would be my bride.

She that was mine — was mine to be.
That kindled first love's tender tie,
 Was all the world to me,
 Into my heart would come again;
Would love as in the years gone by,
Would love,— and not too early die;
 While baby lips, and not in vain,
 Would prattle at my knee.

There hand in hand, as heart to heart,
Beyond its noisy strife and din,
Yet of the world a part,
Our days should pass. There would we glad
Hold converse high, through book and pen,
With sages old, with living men;
Unto the world's wealth something add
Of Beauty and of Art.

And friends would all my being bless,
So fond and true; of whom to-day
We, vainly dreaming, guess;
Then earth would be a paradise;
Then life would blossom as the May;
The heaven now so far away,—
Whatever is above all price,
We would in joy possess.

And I would gain through honest toil
So much of wealth, I would not need
A brother to despoil;
But give to generous purpose loose;
From fear of poverty be freed,
As from the hoarding miser's greed;
Find freedom, for the noblest use,
From struggle and turmoil.

And I would win an honored name:
Would sing, perchance, so sweet a lay,
 So true for praise or blame,—
It would such aid to Virtue lend
That some would mock, and some would pray.
Be touched to tears, rejoice and say,
 “A blessing on thee, dearest Friend!”
 And that were more than fame.

Alas!—is this, my dreaming, vain?
Shall love and youth return unto
 The barren Earth again,
And not my life, or soon or late,
Find its returning sun as true?
Its faded leaf and flower renew,
 Fair as this birth immaculate—
 Birth without sin or pain?

Aye! certain as that suns do shine,
High over every evil fate
 Still broods the Love Divine:
Though what the yearning heart desires
Be like the spring that lingers late,
The good for which I toiling wait—
 The good whereto my soul aspires
 Shall surely yet be mine.

AFFINITY.

THY TIE is more dear than the hearthstone tie,
Thy skies are more bright than the stárry dome,
Thy home is more fair than our natal home,
Or heavenly gates to the pilgrim's eye.

How wondrous thy world, O Affinity !
How sweet is the sway of thy subtle wand ;
Thy altars, upbuilt by no earthly hand,
Are reared and adorned for Eternity !

Oh ! who will our brothers and sisters be,
When love shall alone weave the household band ?
No chimes so sweet as love's answering tone,
To true hearts akin, that apart do dwell ;
Sweeter than music over blue seas blown,
Were,—“ Hail my Belovèd ! Hail and farewell ! ”

THISTLE-DOWN.

The hills lie lapped in Autumn's dreamy haze;
Hushed is the music of the minstrel throng
That filled the flowery vale;
Where late the Thrush poured his full heart of song,
The Oriole his raptured roundelays,
Alone is heard through all the golden days
The piping of the Quail.

The sober woods, in grief for Summer dead,
Down to the earth, and withered all too soon,
Have cast their leafy crown;
While through the still October afternoon,
Like Poet-thoughts with finest fancies fed,
On airy wing by aimless purpose led,
Floats by the thistle-down.

As idly forth I roam by leafless stretch
Of autumn woods, or lowly listening lie
 The grassy sward along,
Wrapped in the hush of meditations high,
 Diviner airs from Nature's heart I catch;
Oh! would I thence a broken stave might fetch
 Of that transcendent song.

Then would I wake such minstrelsy as stirred
The Prophet-souls that prophesied of old
 Of all things good and fair—
The glory of the coming years foretold;
 Song sweeter far than any song of bird,
 Alone in realm above all discord heard
 By him who enters there.

And not alone these hills and fields and trees
I see, that yield the dullest eye delight—
 A world with beauty rife!
I see with keener sense and clearer sight,
 A world within, a world more fair than these,
 A wonder-world of strange analogies
 And lessons deep of life.

I see the form that deeply hidden lies
 Within the form the outer eye may see;
 See in the aim the end,
 As in the seed the harvest yet to be;
 See that which dying lives, which living dies;
 See flowers that fade in fairer beauty rise,
 The grosser sight transcend.

I mark the plowman as with sturdy hand
 He guides the share along the upland lea
 Or o'er the grassy mead;
 The sower too behold; — more fair I see,
 All ruddy-ripe, the yellow harvest stand,
 While yet into the waiting fallow land
 Is cast the fruitful seed.

In every field the vagrant winds will sow
 Some meaner plants, though none their sowing heed;
 Whose springing root erewhile
 Will rob each nobler growth; the baser seed
 Must with the wheat until the harvest grow;
 What time the reaper's garnered sheaves shall show
 A noxious weed and vile.

Nor is the field to husbandman most dear
The only field where harmful harvests grow;
The whole wide world is sown
With evil, while the good with toil we sow;
On every wind that blows, or far or near,
In every land, through every atmosphere
Some thistle-down is blown.

In every truth that is not wholly true,
In every breast whose pulses wayward beat,
Or heart its duty irks,
I see the tares upspringing with the wheat—
Some seeming good in outward form and hue;
Aye! in the good, if in the good we do
A selfish purpose lurks.

In appetites misused, at war with health;
In intellect sown with all knowledge rare
That yields no just return;
In idle hands that claim the toiler's share;
In all, though scorning aught implying stealth,
Who free partake the world's toil-gotten wealth
The wealth they scorn to earn.

In Science vain, whose telescopic sight
 Sees worlds so large, to which the world within
 Is yet a realm unknown;
 World but for which no outer world had been !
 Eye that but sees, illumed with fatuous light,
 In Man himself a larger trilobite,
 Or polyp overgrown.

In fiction low that charms and yet defiles,
 That in the heart of youth the subtle seeds
 Of fiery passion sows;
 In learning that away from wisdom leads;
 Religion that the hungry soul beguiles
 With empty husks, or gives her sacred aisles
 To Fashion's tinsel-shows.

In dress unfit that mars each charm and grace
 Of forms by Nature shaped to beauty meet:
 In shop and mill and mart—
 Wide fields of custom overrun with cheat!
 In priestly surplice, in the judge's mace,
 The statesman's honors, in the patriot's place,
 Without their mind and heart.

And still I see the tares upspringing high:
When through some taint of blood or passion's stress
Soul wrongs a kindred soul;
In quick outburst of inborn waywardness;
In word unmeet that wounds each tender tie;
In sharp, unruly tongue's ill-timed reply—
In all lost self-control.

In hearts, aye! hearts that dream supernal haunts,
Dream of a nobler life in thought and deed,
That fleeting joys entice
From duty's rugged ways that upward lead;
The self-denial of life's lower wants,
Or needed toil, their feeble courage daunts—
They will not pay the price.

In culture that without the eagle's eye
Dare front the sun, that without wings would climb
Where men inspired soar;
In empty praise of still more empty rhyme
That feeds the idle mind; or, sounding high,
Dispraise of Poet's song that shall not die
When critics are no more.

In Genius that a meaner work essays
 Than to create—its true prerogative—
 Through chisel, brush or pen,
 The forms of Art that through the Ages live;
 In idle brain, whose toil-ennobled days
 On wider fields of thought might, haply, raise
 Mankind to nobler men.

In Virtue that is virtue's blame and shame:
 The Virtue that, with precepts too austere,
 For vice unwitting makes;
 Or, lured by visions of the Golden Year—
 A life of freer faith, of higher aim,
 Of broader scope—in Freedom's hallowed name
 A lawless license takes.

And in the best that from their best decline:
 In all low aims wherein the heart and hand
 Immortal powers misuse;
 In all high work by low ambition planned;
 In Poet's song, though charmed is every line,
 Wherein the Poet, dowered with gift divine,
 Courts some ignoble Muse.

In Fame whose seeking is the end of fame;
In all aspirings fed with low desires
 To give to pleasure loose;
In love whose flame a baser passion fires;
 In friendship marred by some less sacred claim;
In all emprise pushed by unhallowed aim
 Beyond the scope of Use.

Oh ! could we but with deeper insight heed
This lesson, taught through Nature's wide domain:
 Whatever seed be sown
Will ever of its kind return again;
 The evil love grows to an evil deed;
 That evermore but from some evil seed
 Are evil harvests grown.

Still let the plow the stubborn glebe prepare;
In heart and mind the precious seed be sown
 With unremitting toil.
The nobler growths are all through labor grown;
Still, growing, tax our unabating care;
The baleful weeds, self-sown, are everywhere—
 Weeds that the harvest spoil.

Yet, nobler Souls ! ye shall not toil in vain:
 More golden sheaves the husbandman shall bind
 Than these his labors crown;
 And they, the toilers in the realm of Mind,
 Shall more the treasures of true knowledge gain;
 More wise, shall see that this is wholesome grain,
 And that — but thistle-down.

The vision flees. The noon-day world I see
 In sunset-gold,—the same, yet not the same.
 As oft in summer hours,
 From meadows wide with beauty all aflame,
 We fetch some sprig of bloom, O Friend ! for thee,
 Out of that peerless realm of Poesy
 I bring these faded flowers.

MY CREED.

They have some truth, whatever creed professing,
Who follow in the way that Duty leads;
The simple souls and faithful find a blessing
In all the creeds;
He has the noblest faith, no creed confessing,
Who writes his faith in deeds.

We still, with vision prone, the truth dividing,
Read what the letter, not the spirit, saith;
Still in the old, time-honored creeds is hiding
Fear's awful wraith;
Yet human hearts can find no peace abiding
Save in the ampler faith;—

That all Earth's pilgrim souls, nor unforgiven,
Whatever devious ways their feet have trod,
Purged of each base desire, by sorrow shriven,
Love's chastening rod,
Or soon or late, in the wide courts of Heaven,
Shall find their home in God.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

O Beauty latest born!
As pure thy smile, as undefiled thy gold
As when thou didst adorn
The regal summer days by wood and wold,
Throned in the lap of June.
A brow as peerless as in days of old
Thou liftest to the chill October moon.

The noontide heat and glare
Thou lovest not; the star-lit hour is thine;
Though thou art always fair,
Dost thrill our senses with thy odor fine,
Full of all rare delight,
Thy charms more beauteous in the twilight shine,
Thy bloom is sweetest in the dewy night.

Oft when the day has flown,
As by the garden walks I linger late,
I question, musing lone,—
“Dost thou, too, love and dream and yearn and wait?
Thee jealous pang annoy?”
I hark to catch some word articulate,
To tell the secret of thy perfect joy.

For joy alone is thine:
No doubt can cloud thy being's deep content,
So near the Heart Divine.
And unto thee the nobler life is lent
For which we strive in vain;
To be in beauty born, in fragrance spent,
To taste the sweets of love without its pain.

How like to maiden fair,
To maiden fond, with gentle heart and wise,
Hiding with sacred care
The secret, sweet content of tender ties;
Till sunset gold is dim,
Thy charms thou veilest from admiring eyes,—
Dost keep all day thy nectar-cup for him:

For him, true knight and bold,*
Who comes at sundown clad in garments gay,
Of purple and of gold;
Aye! sure to come, however far astray
O'er vale and hill and plain.
O happy bird! Of what ethereal clay!
O joyous flower, that waitest not in vain!

I hear the whir of wings;
I see, meseems, a glad, aerial sprite:
Thy bud quick upward springs,
And with a sound like some unvoiced delight,—
Sound like a lover's kiss,†
Thy perfect flower bursts on my wondering sight
A miracle of full-orbed loveliness!

Of nectar sip thy fill:
I almost feel thy fond heart palpitate,
Feel its delicious thrill;
O loyal lover linger, linger late!
O tender heart and true!
For such a joyous hour I, too, would wait
Life's latest sunset and night's falling dew.

Is it that night and gloom
Are thy best ministers, that thou through them
Art richer in perfume?
Howbeit, oft we find the rarest gem
In Earth's most barren spot;
Oft, all undreamed, the purest diadem
Of love is hidden in the lowliest cot.

The good of poverty,
And not of wealth or fame or power or place,
Our proper good may be;
Oft, while the best beloved to our embrace
A cruel fate denies,
The yearning want may yield a fairer grace
Than that whereto we looked with longing eyes.

Such as the Giver meant,
That life is best for each we may be sure;
We all must be content,
However rich, in some things to be poor;
Poor as the lowly flower
That yields its beauty to the barren moor,
And pours its sweetness on the midnight hour.

And why shouldst thou be blest,—
Be blest with charms to win a glorious mate,
And without thought or quest?
While everywhere do fond hearts lonely wait;
To whom than life more dear
Would be the flower of love, albeit late,
The flower that blooms through all the circling
[year.

Oh! could we but exhale,
Like thee, in sweetness all the livelong night,
When life's June roses pale,
How would we, turning to each radiant light
The falling gloom unbars,
New-flower in hope, like thee, more purely bright,
And with thy faith sublime outwatch the stars.

* The HUMMING BIRD.

This smallest of birds, that never takes food except on the wing, will be seen at sunset wherever the Primrose abounds.

† *On a warm summer evening the flower of the Primrose will open with a snapping sound that can be heard some distance.*

MY SHIPS.

Soon over the sea will come back to me
My ships that went sailing away
For silver and gold, for treasures untold,—
All treasures of far Cathay.

Enough and to spare, unfettered of care !
No more will I murmur at Fate;
I will rest from toil, vain struggle and toil.
Sit high with the honored and great.

Yet often I stand on the briny strand,
With a weary sigh on my lips,
Saying,—“Never more on the lonely shore
Will I wait for my absent ships.”

But still in my dreams forever it seems
They are sailing nearer to me;
So every morn a new hope is born,
And again I watch by the sea.

O desolate years ! Through the mist of tears
Gazing out on the darkened waves,
Long, early and late, to sorrowing wait
For our ships,—in the ocean caves !

All forlorn, anon, from lips pale and wan,
Do I hearken an anguished cry,
When incoming sail that joyous we hail,
But a foundering wreck goes by.

Yet oft some fair fleet, that from far we greet,
Sails in for the young and the gay;
I listen each shout ring merrily out:—
But mine are still sailing away.

Will ye anchor soon and with every boon
From the Orient's treasures drawn?
Or far will ye sail until darkly pale
Life's summer is faded and gone?

Until youth is fled, until hope is dead,
With waiting and watching in vain?
Till silvered my hair with age and with care.
O my ships ! on the stormy main?

However it be, I will trust to see
Each bark, that so sorely I miss,
Safe at anchor ride on a fairer tide,
Or moored by the Islands of Bliss.

Until old and bent I will wait content,—
I will wait till Time is no more;
Aye! —and if in vain:—my ships on the main
I will wait from the Further Shore.

And a thousand fold more precious than gold
Is the wealth that will yet be mine:
On whatever sea sail my ships,—for me
They are freighted with gifts divine.

THE CREAKING OF THE VANE.

Low-flickering on my hearth the fire is dying;
To earth down-pours the quick-descending rain;
While like some Ariel in the pine tree sighing
In grief and pain,
I hear above the roof-tree, storm-defying,
The creaking of the vane.

Prone in the paling light I doze, then waken
To hear the chariot of the winds go by;
Afar the oaks, by the rude tempest shaken,
Loud moan and sigh
Like some lorn heart despairing, love-forsaken,
That, dying, cannot die.

I, musing, doze again; if but in seeming,
I wake; if with a waking more intense
Than this dull life had known; if I be dreaming,
And clearer thence
I see, like risen soul, in the fore-gleaming
Of a new-wakened sense;—

I know not how it be: The years far-fleeing
 Into the Past, no longer far away;
Faith, hope, youth, friends, aye! all—all that had
 And perished, nay! [being,
Not perished, hid,—are present to my seeing
 In one eternal day.

The vanished years, but with no chill Decembers:
 I feel the stirring of each lofty aim;
Desire again fires all my quickened members,
 Love, honor, fame;
I sit no more beside life's failing embers,
 Vain fanning a spent flame.

My sinews feel the surge of strength untiring;
 The old ambitions urge to strive amain;
My heart wild thrills unto each high aspiring
 Without its pain;
I seem to hear: "The soul, all good desiring,
 Shall to all good attain."

Out of the firelight smile familiar faces:
 Still, as of old, the fairest unto me
Is one with rarest virgin charms and graces.
 The maiden, she,
My first true love, that died; oh, lost embraces!
 Oh, sad, sweet memory!

And one, beloved: Alas! nor word nor token
Did each to each the secret sweet confess;
How many true, unplighted vows are broken
 We may not guess;
What destiny is in a word unspoken,—
 A word can ban or bless.

Though tearful, sad, lit with a smile maternal,
 And therefore fair, a woman's face I see;
And like a flower that comes with breezes vernal,
 'Upon my knee
Sits one long passed into the realms eternal,
 Once all the world to me.

And one who, with me, o'er the fruitful pages
 That Learning treasures, pored with eager ken,
To gather wisdom from the foregone ages
 For tongue and pen;
To live in thought with the departed sages,
 Nor less with living men;—

O latest lost! what lips can yield such pleasure
 Through converse high, as thine, surpassing art?
With gift to garner knowledge beyond measure,
 And to impart;
The critic, friend and lover, priceless treasure!
 Fine blended in one heart.

But all things pass and go: The dream elysian,
Though from the realm of light a ray it be,
Is but a fitful ray, not open vision,
Wherewith we see;
A momentary glance and intromission
Into Eternity.

And once again, as out of sleep I waken,
I hear the rain down-pouring to the earth;
Again I hear the roof-tree, tempest-shaken;
By the lone hearth
I sit, the burdens of this life new-taken,—
Oh, life of little worth!

All the old sorrow for the early dying,
All the long anguish has returned again;
All the long waiting, all the self-denying,
The grief and pain
And loss seem moaning in the mournful sighing
And creaking of the vane.

Yet as I hearken do the shadows lighten:
Upon the floor is a familiar tread;
Stirred to new life, the embers flame and brighten;
The pain, the dread,
The goblin ills of life that me did frighten,
Have with the darkness fled.

I seem like one bewailing a lost treasure,
Who, unconsolated, lamenting, weeps and cries;
While wealth as precious in high-heaping measure
About him lies;
And so all rare delight, all simple pleasure
He vain himself denies.

Why should I mourn the joy my bosom misses,
While love's immortal flower still blooms anew?
Who every day may sip love's nectared blisses
From lips as true;
Upon whose cheek and brow rain raptured kisses,
And pure as morning dew.

Dear love! If virtue lives in self-denying,
The wifely graces in all household art,
If wifely hand may find in want-supplying
The wifely part,
Oh! how should he rejoice, all care defying,
Who owns thy loyal heart.

And friends: How all ingrate, with vision narrow,
To let my soul go trailing in the dust,
Still having thee, who from my thought should
Strength, hope and trust; [borrow
It were enough to compensate all sorrow
To feel thy praises just.

And with lost friendship went no friendship rarer,
To quench love's passion in its purer flame,
Than lives in thee, dear loving friend, none fairer
In praise or blame,
Than thou who most, beyond desert, art bearer
And herald of my fame.

I hear a whisper as of unvoiced blessing,
Their benedictions whom I do not see;
Who with a love as faithful, unconfessing,
Far yearn to me;
And oh! what joy beyond to-day's possessing,
The friendships yet to be.

Still mine the common joys in heaping measures:
Comes Spring, comes Summer, as of old they came;
The Autumn, glorious with the Autumn treasures,
And woods aflame;
The Winter, gladdened by the fireside pleasures,
And bright with noble aim.

O doubting heart! let cease thy vain repining,
Nor fear, as children, shadows on the wall;
The faithful soul, forever good divining,
When ills befall,
Sees that behind the cloud the sun is shining,
That God is over all.

POESY.

THOU Beautiful! In thee
The Artist hides that all things glorifies;
That robes all life, as sunset far the sea
With splendor dyes.

In every flower that blows
A semblance of thy radiant form I see;
No charm that crowns the all-imperial Rose
But hints of thee.

The finer ear low-hears
Thee singing through the woodland feathered throng;
Hears, as afar, the music of the spheres
In insects' song.

Forevermore far roll
The sun-led planets to thy minstrelsy;
Of all things fair the ever-living soul
Is Poesy.

The highest heaven is free,—
Free to the soul aspiring to that hight;
Free to the lowliest life, if hid in thee,
Is all delight.

I would not rashly make
Complaint of Fate for ill and pain and wrong;
For only these, perchance, my lute can wake
To sweeter song.

Let be what best can bring
Unto my heart the aspiration true;
Attune my lyre, inspire my lips to sing
Thy praises due.

Grant me,—Oh, gift divine !
Thy priceless dower ! Let Fortune me deny
Her meaner gold; thy rarer wealth be mine,
Dear Poesy !

Did I thy art possess,
My harp, new-waked to Earth's lost melody,
Would flood the world with song; would charm
All men through thee. [and bless

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

O NUPTIAL MORN! on which we, honored, wait!
That comes but once in half a hundred years!

 The morn we celebrate
Not joy alone, but sorrow more endears,
 When two fond, loyal hearts first beat as one;
Nor less to-day, that through love's rainbow-tears
 Low-slants life's setting sun.

 The passing Season, waning to its close,
In colors gay Earth's fading garment dyes;
 Fair as the fairest rose
That crowned the brow of June, the hills uprise
 Crimson and gold: brighter than any gem,
Upon the woods October's glory lies,—
 A royal diadem!

More beautiful, meseems, are ye who stand
Upon Time's furthest verge; in trust divine
Still climbing, hand in hand,
Life's Autumn-tinted hills, that glow and shine,
Touched by the splendor of Faith's magic wand;
Upon your brows there lies a light benign,—
The light of the Beyond.

Your vanished youth,— is it so far away?
We may not guess what joys ecstatic thrill
Your twining hearts to-day;
Still one in life, as one in thought and will;
Oh! sweet beyond the youthful lover's kiss,
The foregone days of virtue new distill
Their fragrance into this!

As friend to friend, out of our poverty
We bring you gifts: Their worth is not in gold,
You know as well as we;
We need not say to you, now growing old,
That growing old is gain: Life's richest store
Of Wisdom's fadeless treasures manifold
Ye garner more and more.

O truest wealth! that shall not cease to bless:
What fairer gifts can Fortune on you rain
 Than these you now possess?
What can you ask, except release from pain,
 The while you wait God's leave to journey hence?
Trusting as they who trust, and not in vain,
 The ways of Providence.

And oh! in joy beyond love's first delight,
In nuptials new, that know no touch of Time,
 When on your wondering sight
Afar the Golden Gates shall rise sublime,
 Where mortal loves no more the soul entice;
Still may your feet together tireless climb
 The Hills of Paradise.

DRIFT-WOOD.

To the memory of a Friend.

I sit beside the sea:
An hour to idly rhyme,
To muse and dream; the while like sea-birds go
Across the tide afar, white-winged and free,
The stately ships: Unto what destiny?
We only know
Their prows on-pointing to some far-off clime.

Along the pebbly strand,
Far run, as if in play,
Like joyous footsteps on a flowery path,
The gentle waves, soft lapsing on the sand.
As all unconscious of the mighty hand.
That, in his wrath,
The Storm King laid upon them yesterday.

High on the rocky shore,
 Tossed by a giant wave,
 What time the fierce winds raved, I mark the spar
 Of a once noble bark, that proudly bore
 From some fair haven, to return no more,—
 Bore fleet and far
 Warm yearning hearts low to a watery grave.

I look, but look in vain
 Amid the tangled wreck,
 For record of the fate, the fate unknown,
 Of royal souls, that knew the awful pain
 Of death through thee, O thou relentless main!
 In these are shown
 The parted stays, a broken hull and splintered deck.

Yet, of what tragedies
 Yon soiled, torn bunting tells;
 Or shred of canvas, swashing with the waves;
 Of what despairs, of what quick-sundered ties;
 Of what exultant life, that darkly lies
 In nameless graves,
 Far in the depths of thy unfathomed wells.

O secrets of the deep !
Why should I marvel so,
That when the tempest raves ye roar and foam
And shriek and cry, as if the hearts that sleep
In thy dread caverns moan and wail and weep
For their lost home?
Voicing our grief and theirs, out of the depths below.

O friend ! low in the grave:
O life no more to be !
O Time ! what wrecks are strewn along thy shore;
Alike, or on the land or on the wave,
Death takes the best beloved, the true and brave:
Forevermore
Death is as all-remorseless as the sea !

Avaunt ! thou specter dread:
O friend ! of life a part;
Despite the grave, despite each blinding tear,
Despite the shroud and pall, thou art not dead:
Again, erelong, together shall we tread
A rarer sphere,
And know our being one in some high Art.

MY MOTHER.

WE reap as we have sown;
We reap a harvest that another sows;
The root of good, of evil, is desire;
In Nature's farthest zone,
Each tiny seed that, growing, upward grows,
Has the life shaped within it to aspire.

Albeit the good is best;
Itself its own high guerdon; and no less
Eternal, sure, for evil's sting and smart;
Although I stand the test
Of noblest manhood, and in every stress
Of life I choose always the better part;—

What merit is in me?
The color of the flower is in the seed:
What room for praise or blame, O! wiser sage?
With mother such as she,
Not to choose honor, virtue, were, indeed,
To squander base the noblest heritage.

Last of a royal race
Of mothers, that our households know no more;
Our households where the spinning wheel was seen,
The distaff had a place;
The loom;— now banished to the garret's store
Of homely, useless rubbish, old and mean.

I look on these through tears,
Yet not of sorrow born; I read in all
The record of a life brave, true and strong:
A widow fifty years!
And yet how oft, as I the past recall,
Did Labor sing through these a cheerful song.

Ah me! that Primal Age
The Progress of the Race has banished hence;
Yet, bear the men to-day more loyal hearts?
Do women more engage
In life-ennobling toil, to recompense
For all the loss of the Domestic Arts?

O Soul as great as rare!
In sore privations of the wilderness,
In poverty, through long, care-burdened years,
To do, and not despair;
What strength and courage, that had power to bless
The lowly, toiling, struggling pioneers!

Her sympathy, how fine !
That far life's midnight gloom with stars impearled;
That nourished still, in spite of fate austere,
The Poet's art divine;
What time the songs that charmed the wider world
Were but a far-off murmur in his ear.

When fourscore years had lain
Their burdens down, to feel, with fateful dread,
The palsied hand no more obey the will,
Was Earth's full cup of pain;
And yet, what joy ! a life unvexed of dread,
In trust serene, in hope triumphant still !

And is there fairer fame
Than that which crowns her, her ennobles most,
Who joyful finds in queenly motherhood
Her glory, not her shame?
Oh ! would each child of woman born could boast—
Nor vainly boast— a mother wise and good.

O love ! love tried and true !
Unchanged through all the changing years to stand;
True to the one beloved, too early lost;
Love that to sainthood grew;
Love that still lights for us the Better Land,
The brighter bourn, whereto her feet have crossed.

Love freed from mortal thrall;
Forevermore redeemed from care and pain;
O happy heart! in that transcendent state
That knows no shroud nor pall:
In every realm that owns God's sovereign reign
Love is alone the arbiter of Fate!

Oh, for her faith sublime!
To hold, with sight all uneclipsed of tears,
That Right shall over Wrong be king and lord;
Counting all doubt a crime.
To strive, to do, and trust the conquering years
Shall bring to worthy work its just reward.

We may not know the joy,
Aught of that world beyond the pearly gates,—
The radiant heights whereon her footsteps roam,
Nor guess life's blest employ;
Enough to know, that there love, yearning, waits
To bid us welcome to that fairer home.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

THE later flowers our garden walks adorn,
No less than those the early frosts entomb,
Are all of Beauty born,
And with the charms of Summer's radiant bloom;
And dearer for the rareness of perfume,
As hope is brighter in a world forlorn.

The Autumn's fairest flower thou art to me,
My daughter ! Those I mourned, that paled too soon,
Were all re-born in thee;
A primrose thou, beneath October's moon;
And fair as was the fairest flower of June :—
Last bud of promise on life's barren tree !

Hid in its depths there lies a wealth untold;
It, opening, hints the glory yet to be, —
Just shows the heart of gold;
And musing on thy unsolved destiny,
I question Fate: "Will it be mine to see
The splendours that the summers shall unfold?"

Vain questioning ! I know it were not best
To lift the veil ~~that~~ shrouds our mortal sight,
 Though at dear love's behest;
Enough to trust, untouched by frost or blight,
The perfect flower shall yet our hopes requite,—
 That in its blooming shall the world be blest.

Thou call'st me father: That is well; and I
Do name thee daughter;— dearest name we know !
 If to that sacred tie
Be linked, when thou to womanhood dost grow,
The deeper tie, that kindred loves bestow,
 Progenitors of aspirations high;—

If to thy wiser mind and clearer sight,
To minister unto life's deeper need,
 The thoughts I here indite
Shall come to thee, to strengthen, guide and lead,
Then wilt thou know the daughter's joy indeed,
 And I the father's unalloyed delight.

And though on some celestial height I dwell,
I still will own the tender ties that bind,
 Feel in my bosom swell
The love that draws each mind to kindred mind;
And thence, still with thy hidden being twined,
 Heart unto heart, will whisper,— “All is well !”

BEYOND. *

CLOUDY argosies are drifting down into the purple dark,
 Down into the fading West;
And the long low amber reaches, lying on the horizon's mark,
Bright with pilgrim barges anchored in a golden
 peace and rest,
Shape themselves into the gateways, dim and wonderful unfurled,
Gateways leading through the sunset,
 To the Islands of the Blessed,—
 Out into the Underworld.

How my bosom vainly flutters, like a bird that
beats the bars,
In its prisoned gloom and night,
To be launched upon that ocean, with its tides of
throbbing stars,
Swift to sail the boundless ether in the soul's unfet-
tered flight;
To be gone beyond the sunset and the day's revol-
ving zone,
Out into the primal darkness,
Out into the primal light,—
To the world of the Unknown.

Hints and guesses of its grandeur, broken shadows,
sudden gleams,
Flitting lights in darkness drowned,
Like a falling star shoot past me, quenched within
a sea of dreams;
Like the shining adumbrations shed from some un-
risen joy;
But the unimagined glory lying in that dark pro-
found,
Is to these as morn to midnight,
Or as gold is to alloy,
Or as silence is to sound.

Sweeter than the trees of Eden, dropping purple
bloom and balm

Unto souls with suffering done,

Are the odors wafted toward me from its isles of
windless calm;

*Where I, longing, fain would rest me; rested, would
I dance and run;*

Oh! the gold of all our sunsets, with their sap-
phire all impearled,

Would not match that glowing heaven,

With its more than tropic sun,

Lighting all that Underworld.

Pale sea-buds that weep forever, water lilies, damp
and cool,

That the heavenly seas adorn;

And the mystic lotus shining through the white
waves beautiful,

*Far a rare, unfailing fragrance shed through all that
tranquil bourne;*

In those dusk and sunless valleys, where no steps
of mortal tread,

Bind the white brows of the living,

Whom all comfortless we mourn,—

Whom we blindly call the dead.

O ye lost ones ! ye departed, passed unto that silent shore,—

Passed beyond life's stormy main,

Though we call you through the sunset, ye return to us no more ;

Though we pray to you beseeching, ye do answer not again :

Have ye found the Blessed Islands where Earth's toils and sorrows cease ?

Do ye wear the sacred lotus,

Have ye found release from pain ?

Have ye entered into peace ?

Do ye hear us when we call you, do ye heed the tears we shed ?

Do ye harken our lament ?

O Belovèd !— O Immortal !— O ye dead who are not dead !

Are ye near us in our anguish ? Is your life with ours still blent ?

Speak to us across the darkness, wave to us a glimmering hand ;—

Tell us but that ye REMEMBER,

And our souls shall wait content,

Dwellers in the Silent Land !

Though the sunset clouds have faded, arch and
capital are gone,
Where the shadows darkly fell
Lo! the regal Night is glorious with the star-
light overblown,—
*Through the silence seems to whisper: "O Beloved!
all is well."*
Life is labor and not dreaming, and I have my
work to do,
Ere within those happy valleys,
Bright with blooms of asphodel,
I shall wear the lilies too.

* *I introduce this poem, BEYOND, as a literary curiosity.*

The interest it has, apart from its intrinsic merit, lies in its showing how two minds can work together harmoniously in the field of Art.

The lines in Roman type are, as the reader will observe, a finished poem by themselves.

They are from the pen of the writer's esteemed friend, Kate Seymour MacLean, Kingston, Canada; the author of a book of poems, "The Coming of the Princess," and one of the Dominion's most gifted writers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

*As the clouds by Morning gilded,
Or the sunset gold impearled,
Shine with splendor not their own;
As the New World, late rebuilt
From the wreck of Elder World,
Wears a beauty erst unknown;—*

*So is Thought, to music mated,
Old as is Eternity,—
Of Eternity a part,
Into fairer forms created
Through the subtle alchemy
Of the Poet's mind and heart.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

*"So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world."*

O FRIENDS ! albeit in a far-off land,
 Though ocean waves divide,
 To-day, with you,
In tears beside a new-made grave we stand;
 With love as reverent, with a grief as true
For her, now one of that unnumbered band
 Whom death has glorified.

Fair on the heights empyreal she stood,
 Our pride and wrong and sin
 Rebuking so:
The type and flower of regal Womanhood!
 Though hers the common heritage, to know
The frailties of our human flesh and blood,
 That make all souls akin.

If for some nobler life to strive and faint,
 Some realm of freer air;
 To agonize
 Toward the supreme good,—love without taint,
 Truth beyond doubt, affection's deathless ties;
 To dream the dreams of Poet, Prophet, Saint,—
 The dreams divinely fair;

If to give birth unto the thoughts sublime
 That shape the coming Age;
 Such thoughts as stir
 The hearts of men in the remotest clime,
 The seal of Genius be;—then unto her
 Belongs the laurel crown; unto all time
 Her Truth-illuminated page!

If to uplift us with new reverence
 For all things pure and true:
 The good that is,
 The good that shall be Man's inheritance;
 The larger hope, with all sweet charities;
 The broader faith, undimmed of doubt or chance,
 That shall all lives imbue;

If so to make the darkened world more bright;
 To medicine its pain;
 To raise the soul
Above the grosser clay; to purge the sight
 Until it catch fair glimpses of the goal
Transcending all:—Be this to toil aright,
 She did not toil in vain.

The form that held the subtile spirit dies;
 The hand that wrought so true
 Lies stark and cold;—
The soul still lives unkennd of mortal eyes,
 Shall still through love its regal empire hold;
Star of our night, whose wider orbit lies
 To constellations new!

Did she mistake, through near, love-blinded sight,
 Or darkened clouds of sense,
 The earthly flame
Of Science for a beam of heavenly light:—
 Shall we, unpitying, count that blindness blame?
Nay! trust that Death, which deeper glooms our night,
 Wrought her deliverance.

Who has not mourned the inner light obscured?
Felt fear the soul appall?
By doubt down-hurled,—
By the pale phantom of despair allured
Through Stygian caverns of the nether world,
Ere standing on the mountain top, assured
That God is over all?

Who shall, like her, in the high realm of Art,
With rare, consummate skill,
So analyze
The master passions of the human heart?
So track a purpose to its secret rise?
A life, becoming of our life a part,—
Stirring our thought and will!

Who shall, like her, as with a pen of flame,
Trace on the lettered scroll
Heroic deeds?
So shape our being to a nobler aim?
A living creed above all written creeds
Confessing so;—like her, a Woman's name
On Fame's proud page enroll!

Though prone we sorrow with a sorrow sore,
 Bereft, but not forlorn:
 Beyond the tide
More near shall seem that undiscovered shore
 Her waiting footsteps tread. In trust we bide:
Out of the truest life forevermore
 The truest faith is born.

O Love ! that in Eternity dost dwell,
 Though tender ties be rent,
 Give us to see
Our loss her gain; that our bereavement fell
 Restores her unto dearer friends than we;
That all that is, that must be, must be well,—
 That all Thy doing is beneficent.

INGOMAR AND PARTHENIA. †

INGOMAR TO PARTHENIA.

ASK ME not whither ! So we part,
Two paths alone on Earth I wot;
One is to Heaven, where thou art,—
Oh, happy lot !
All otherwhere is barren shore:
That path is mine forevermore,—
A desert way where thou art not !

Son of the wilderness ! I go
Where one,—in savage virtue nursed,—
My mother, is; who taught me to
Make honor first !
Gave truth for my inheritance;
That will I keep, and bear me hence,—
Aye ! keep it, though my heart should burst !

† *Founded upon some passages in the Drama of Ingomar the Barbarian.*

Wouldst have me stay? O fatal tie!

Me stay to be dishonored?—no!

Quick death is easiest to die:

Let mine be so!

Yet dearer than my life shall be

Thine image, that I bear with me;

Parthenia, farewell!—I go.

* * * * *

PARTHENIA TO INGOMAR.

Thy way, whatever way be thine,

Henceforth alone my way shall be;

Or dark or bright, thy fate be mine,

Or bond or free;

Where thou dost rest, where thou dost roam,

There evermore will be my home!

For home is to abide with thee.

Through pain and want, through ill and blame,

To farthest land, beyond the sea;

Through forest wilds, through flood and flame,—

Where'er it be,

The path thy wandering footstep goes;

While this heart beats, this bosom glows,

These pulses thrill, will go with thee.

Thy joy my joy, thy woe my woe,
Thy speech my speech,—my only pride
To honor thee, may I but so
With thee abide.
For all I am through love is thine,
And all thou art through love is mine:
A love by sorrow sanctified.

INGOMAR.

Do I but dream? My heart makes room for thee:
Oh! thou art mine, Parthenia, thou art mine!

PARTHENIA.

Long have I been, and evermore to be,
Thine,—only thine!

INGOMAR.

Two stems entwined, from one root let us grow
Forevermore: To love this bliss I owe!

PARTHENIA.

Not love alone,—to honor, more divine!

DREAMS.

I looked upon her fourscore years, that seemed
So barren of delight: "O Friend!" I said,
"How fares it with the heart when love is dead,
That dreams no more, no more, as once it dreamed?"
Her furrowed brow with saintly radiance gleamed
The while she answered, "Age but glorifies
The dreams of youth; and love,—love never dies.
More beautiful, transfigured and redeemed
From base desires, from ill and pain and strife,—
These are the dreams of Age, that cannot die;
In these is joy, the joys of youth above;
These of all good more truly prophesy;
Perennial blossoms on the Tree of Life,
Whose fruit shall ripen in the Heaven of Love."

PAIN.

Alas! no spot of ground
In all the world to grow a thornless rose
Can anywhere be found;
Beside the fairest path some bramble grows.

Ungessed in all delight
A sorrow lurks; there hides a haunting fear
By every hearthstone bright;
There is no cheek unmoistened by a tear.

And is all sorrow vain?
Nay! rather but a part of God's design,
The ministry of pain,
That lends to life a purpose more divine.

Not vain; for this I hold:
An equal good shall every ill requite,
Though ills be manifold;
There were no heaven of stars without the night.

So ever must it be:
That every loss some compensation waits,
Our clearer sight shall see;
Our evils are our only Evil Fates.

Yet these shall be subdued:
And, as the savage, that through wound and pain,
Is with the strength endued
Of all his enemies in battle slain,

We thence new power shall win;
New power from all the burdens we have borne
Of pain and wrong and sin;
If but to comfort other hearts that mourn.

To Man all good belongs:
Although with longings and with wants denied
Here all our being throngs,
Or soon or late we shall be satisfied.

OCTOBER DAYS.

AGAIN wild Boreas, with rude finger, shakes
The ripened clusters from the crimson vine;
Old Autumn, hoarding of the vintage, breaks
A brimming bumper of the glowing wine;
While heaping high the Harvest-horn he takes,
Pomona's treasures shine.

Through all the day, from the first peep of morn,
I hear the creaking of the loaded wain;
I list the rustle of the ripened corn,
And mark the gleaming of the golden grain;
And roam the while, where luscious fruits adorn
The orchard boughs again.

In paths that deepen in the woodland maze,
Are truants wandering in their joyance free;
Hoarding, to garner for the wintry days,
The brown nuts showering from each bounteous tree;
Blending their voices with the wilder lays
Of Autumn's minstrelsy.

The noontide lustre is more softly shed,
Like milder splendors of a sunnier clime;
The brook runs listless in its pebbly bed,
With lowlier murmurs in its rippled chime;
The dry leaves rustle to the failing tread
Of the slow, lingering Time.

A gentle calm is in the tempered light,
The sky low-arches with a kindlier blue;
The morn, uprising, is more softly bright,
The days more lovely the more brief and few;
The stars far-kindle on the dome of Night
More tenderly and true.

The lazy hours seem grown supremely long;
The loitering sun slants through the dreamy haze,
As he would fain the failing year prolong,
Or cheer his dying with serenest rays;
To thee, O Autumn! thee alone, belong
Divinely golden days!

And oh, what joy! if in life's waning years,
When Passion's stormy Equinox is passed,
Our suns shall kindle, as Time's beauty seres,
A heavenly halo on our pathway cast;
Our days still brighten, as their closing nears,
More lovely till the last.

THE WIDOWED.

DEAR heart ! though knowing all is well
With thee, beyond the bound of Time;
That in a fairer world dost dwell
Than this, O sorrow-darkened clime !
Yet oh ! my soul, dissolved in tears
Of weaker grief, would glad erase
The record of these weary years
That hold me from thy rapt embrace.

O loss that more the lost endears !
O solace of endearing tone !
Alas ! through all the darkened years
To tread life's thorny path alone;
Henceforth alone,—oh, woe is me !
O love ! thou art our vital breath;
How beautiful thou wast to me.
And made more beautiful by death.

And at the last, no more to meet,
To fondly clasp thee, heart to heart;
O God ! despair were all complete,
And anguish-barbed each sorrow-dart;
No hope might dry these brimming eyes,
Nor life one sunny moment see,
Could but the darkling doubt arise,—
Thy bride and mate no more to be.

Though thou, the while I suffering wait,
With clearer sight and wider mind,
Uprisest still from state to state;—
Yet I, though sorrowing here behind,
That still our souls may intertwine,
When passed this darkened sphere above,
Whatever wisdom-gifts be thine,
Will match them with my larger love.

And mourning still thy vanished worth,
My truest being unpossessed;
Though common joys, of meaner birth,
Relight a gladness in my breast;—
Though Summer blooms and Autumn burns,
The hours in seeming gladness flee,
My heart, alas ! still strives and yearns,
For half my life has gone with thee.

No more the rising morn shall bring
The light that lit those tender eyes;
New songs may greet returning Spring,
But not the olden melodies;
The world new-brighten, not in vain,
With greening fields, with birds and flowers;
But these can never wear again
The glory of the vanished hours.

When long, in equal bliss delayed,
Glad musing on our happier lot,
We loitered in ambrosial shade,
And plucked the dear forget-me-not.
When first my maiden bosom shrined
The hallowed wish and hope of wife;
And, closer than our arms, entwined
Our hearts:—O dearer life in life!

No more,—no more! O world of grief!
When shall I hear thy wail no more?
O Time! the years wing fleet and brief,
That bear me to that fairer shore.
Alas! my heart, till o'er it close
The greening sod, no more may rest
Secure in love's serene repose,
Empillowed on thy manly breast.

* * * * *

O idle tears !—whatever fate
Shall on the bruised spirit lie,
Why should it grieve, alone to wait
Till few uncertain suns go by?
Why should I chafe the hour that is
With tearful wail and fruitless moan?
For oh ! the sure Eternities
Shall yield the loving heart ITS OWN.

THE BEST GIFTS.

I.

I WOULD be rich, but not in gold;
Not in the wealth, though all untold,
Of mine and mill and merchant gain,
Of harvests ripe on hill and plain;
But in all gifts of mind and heart,
All treasures of ennobling Art;
Though youth, health, fortune, friends depart,
In treasures that would yet remain,
I would be rich.

I would be rich in God's design,
A life one with the Life Divine;
Howso bereft, forlorn, alone,
Who has himself still has his own:
If but the joy of song be mine,
I would be rich.

THE BEST GIFTS.

II.

I WOULD be wise, nor yet possess
The wisdom of but worldliness
Of him the swiftest in the race
For wealth or fame or power or place;
But wisdom of the Prophets old,
To dare, against the world, to hold
That manhood's self is more than gold:
And robed in Virtue's fairest grace
I would be wise.

I would be wise:—When ills befall,
To see in woes our hearts appall
The hand of God; through all disguise
Of sense to see with clearer eyes,—
See that the soul is all in all,
I would be wise.

THE BEST GIFTS.

III.

I would be great: Not in the dower
Of warrior might or kingly power,
Though I thereby could write my name
High on the proudest scroll of Fame;
But in all noble purpose strong
To battle with the evil throng
For all my kind; to right the wrong,
To wield for Truth a sword of flame,
I would be great.

I would be great: When far and free
My banner waved in victory,
Could I still say, though wounded sore, —
Still pray: "Let Mercy evermore
With Justice in the judgment be,"
I would be great.

THE BEYOND.

How happy he who, at the set of sun,
When passed the heat and burden of the day,
His labors ended, takes his homeward way,
Content to see some worthy work well done.
May I, like him, toil's well-earned guerdon won,
To see around me fall the twilight shade
Of coming age, rejoice, all unafraid,
That to the end Time's failing sands have run.
While on my sight, closed to each earthly scene,
Like constellations by the night revealed,
Like sunset gilding the Hesperian Gates,
Shall brighten the Beyond;—life's wider field!
Where for our hands a rarer harvest waits;
Where higher toil yields higher joys serene.

THE CONFLICT OF AGES.

ALL GOOD awaits the ripened years:
Above the Present's cry and moan,
We catch the far-off undertone
Of coming Time, undimmed with tears;
And more this frailer life endears
The life to nobler being grown.

Though sore begirt with peril-days,
Faith shapes anew the promise-song
Of, "Right shall triumph over Wrong,
And Evil's subtle, darkened ways
Be set in light:" Yet still delays
The Golden Year, delaying long.

Still shrouded in impending gloom,
Hangs dim the Nations' beacon star;
Anon, like thunders boding far,
Comes up the cannon's awful boom:
While, like the trumpet-tongue of Doom,
Loud bay the hungry hounds of War.

Alas ! but discord, strife and jar
Can Freedom nurse to larger growth;
But they with holiest purpose wroth,
Can drive the embattled hosts afar,
Who mad, with maniac hands would bar
The gates to wider realms of Truth.

Swift speed the earthquake shock that cleaves
Through giant wrongs of Power and Place;
The mountain rive from crown to base.
Of crimes that all the land bereaves;
The whirlwind lightning-wing that leaves
To Freedom broader breathing space.

It were not all a godless strife,
Did War's red hand stain land and sea;
More dread than battle thunders be,
The despot's rod, the assassin's knife,
The dungeon's gloom, the death in life,
Of Peace whose price is Liberty !

LIFE.

WHAT though unbounded by the lengthened span
Of three score years and ten our days should be,
Till chafed the spirit, longing to be free,
Oh ! what are days unto the life of Man?
What though they far a hundred years outran,
They could be measured but by thought and deed.
As hides the harvest in the sower's seed,
Our deeds to us return to bless or ban.
The highest good is in the noblest use:
And he who gives embattled Wrong no truce,—
Climbs, dauntless, up through Duty's steep defile,
Shall win ere long fair Virtue's crown and goal:
Thy highest heaven, O aspiring soul!
Man's love for Man and God's approving smile.

THE MYSTIC KEY.

WHY do our souls go moaning down the world,
Like radiant orbs of light and beauty reft?

Like shining Pleiads from their orbits hurled
To outer darkness, and in Chaos left,

We see the glory from our life depart;
As fades Earth's splendors, when the day is done,
With rayless gloom enshrouding mind and heart,
Still wayward on we wide, erratic run;

Nor round our circle to Love's higher sun,
That can alone true light and life impart:

O slow to learn! In Error's paths astray,
Though longing for the Truth to set us free,
Unto the Truth, that lights the better way,
Love, — only Love can bring the Mystic Key.

DOUBT.

GLOOM, like the night by storm and cloud encumbered,
Had mantled to my sight the passing days;
While spectral phantoms, evil hosts unnumbered,
Thronged all the coming Time's untrodden ways:
My heart's bewail was,—“Truth, oblivious, slumbers,
Justice delays !”

“No hope ! no hope !” In dirge-like, solemn pealing,
Broke on my being like a wailing cry;
While over all the heavens a darkness stealing,
Shut out the glories of the earth and sky;
A midnight gloom, with no glad ray revealing
The morning nigh.

“No hope ! no hope !” To see the mean exalted,
While merit pines, unnoted and forlorn;
Gold heaped and garnered from the right defaulted,
Each honest purpose put to shame and scorn;
While Justice weeps her sacred fane assaulted
From night till morn.

"No hope ! no hope !" A darker thought upspringing :

"Alas ! the widow's and the orphan's moan
Are through the arches of the heavens ringing,
In wild petition to the Great Unknown;
Where sleeps,—no promise of redemption bringing,—
The God you own?"

Yet while I spoke, uprose a form beside me,
With face resplendent as the morning light;
While Fear and Doubt, that had so sorely tried me,
Fled like the shadows from the mountain hight;
And when she oped her ruby lips to chide me,
Day broke from night.

"Why will you doubt?" She said, with mild reproving.
Her gentle eyes with pity brimming o'er;
"Why will you doubt? The faithful and the loving
Do know the Right triumphant evermore:
Thy pride and hate,—thy sin, the wrong approving.
Alone deplore.

"No longer doubt! No longer vainly covet
The worldling's wealth, though idle ones partake;
The arm of Hate is strong, yet far above it
The hand of Love upholds the battle's stake:
Let thy high aim be Wisdom, hoard and love it,
For Virtue's sake.

"The truest wealth: To merit is to earn it;
No gift in Chance, but every good in Fate;
What is not truly thine thou must return it,
So envy not the seeming rich and great:
Life's deepest lesson,—though but few do learn it,—
To strive and wait.

"No longer doubt! Though golden gain be given
Into the coffers of unhallowed lust;
Though Virtue's children meek have toiled and striven,
Yet daily hungered for the daily crust;
Thy duty do, and leave the rest to Heaven,
For God is just.

"No longer doubt! Though all the hosts Infernal
Rise like Sahara's cloud on land and sea;
Truth shall prevail, the King alone supernal,
Whose law is Love, whose reign is Liberty;
The true of heart have faith in the Eternal,
Hope for Humanity."

ANGEL VISITS.

IN THE calm hours that come with spell and vision,
Unveiling to our sight the realms of Love,
Where evermore, all mortal ills above,
The passed from Earth glad roam the fields elysian, *
Who has not felt how near the friend departed?
Only the fleshly curtain hides from view
The lost,—the seeming lost,—the faithful few,
That leave us not alone, though lonely-hearted.
And in the moments of that clearer sight,
What tranquil scenes of blessedness arise:
Only the darkness of a moral night
Shuts out the Heavenly Hosts from human eyes!
The pure, unsullied souls alone can tell
How fair the mansions where the angels dwell.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY.

1837 — 1887.

HE that a lofty monument would build
To stand uncrumbled through the centuries rude.
Nor Time's corroding know,
Must to the task bring hands of workmen skilled;
Must, blow, on blow,
Out of Earth's primal rocks, all shapely hewed.
Lay the foundations low.

Whoso with rarer skill would build a State
Above the tides of revolution safe,
Must know the worth of men,—
Of men in knowledge and in virtue great;
Must, with a clearer ken,
Rear Learning's altars for her lowliest waif
And poorest denizen.

And they, our fathers, who did wisely lay
Thy corner stone, knowing our human need,
 Toiling, with hopes and fears,
For this, our nobler guerdon of to-day,
 Had shed but joyful tears
Could they have seen the harvest of that seed
 In thy short Fifty Years.

If from their height empyrean they gaze,
With wider sight. above Time's strife and moil,
 How must their spirits burn;
How must their hearts with adoration, praise,
 To the All-Giver yearn,
To see for all the unforgotten toil
 Of years, this large return.

More than their dream dared promise do we see:
Some foster-child of thine in every land;
 And still thy fame goes forth;
The precious seed-corn of the Time to Be,
 All priceless in its worth,
Thou scatterest abroad, ripe, flailed and fanned,
 Into the fallow earth.

The fairest flowers that here love's fragrance shed,
Through thee unto what larger beauty freed;
Where late no woman stood,
Lo! in thy widened halls her footsteps tread:
Verily! what is good
For man, for manhood in his highest need,
Is good for womanhood.

In learning, as in life, co-ordinate:
Aye! man himself shall reach a loftier place,
Shall bear a purer heart;
The woman's greatness be more truly great;
Acting her better part,
Shall woman add to womanhood a grace
Beyond the painter's art.

O, youths and maidens! shape with purpose high
A nobler State, a truer Brotherhood;
Give unto wrong no truce;
Where Duty calls, there let your pathway lie,
Nor give to pleasure loose;
So shall your knowledge ripen into good
In some transcendent use.

And though we miss a once familiar tread,
Though in the place of love's benignant rule
 A vacant chair we see,
 Why should we mourn the dead that are not dead?
 They, from this mortal free,
Are teachers, pupils in that higher school,
 Heaven's University.

O, pride and promise of our youthful State !
Build for her children such an Appian Way
 As Rome did never know;
 Where strong in knowledge, as in virtue great,
 Shall thousands come and go:
May prouder record than we read to-day
 Thy hundredth birthday show.

FATE.

OUR LIFE to-day foretells our life to be;
Or high or low, unto some longed-for goal
Our aspiration leads; in every soul
Lives evermore the gift of prophecy.
To strive, to love, to yearn the heart is free:
Out of the heart's desire is born our thought;
The thought forecasts the deed; of deeds are wrought
Our heritage unto Eternity.
Though Fortune long the cherished good denies,
Our hands shall reap, if we, still toiling, wait,
The harvest of desire; before us lies
The path to some far-shining goal, where late
Or soon our feet shall rest, if we so wise
To see a wiser Providence in Fate.

TEMPTATIONS.

1854.

COMES there no good out of life's darkened days?
When on the heart a somber shadow lies;
When, reft and torn in thousand tender ties,
We vainly turn to greet Hope's cheerful rays;

When those we love turn from us; when our eyes
Are dimmed with sorrows that we may not tell;
When loosed are the Infernal Hosts, that dwell
In that dread life of death, that never dies;—

When for the Truth, high as the Heavens above,
We dare become a byword and a fool
To all the maniac brood and bigot school,
Whose pride and hate their only loan for love;—

Hate, boding ill, that boldest hearts appall:
Can aught so prove the soul, as, brave and strong.
To nobly live, amid all scorn and wrong;—
To live the Higher Life, forgiving all?

THE OWL-CLUB EMBROGLIO. *See NOTE.*

Then you do not belong,—have not heard of it, eh?
Was there ever before such a scandal and sin?

It was quite a respectable club,—in its way:
To keep outsiders out and keep insiders in,

Had its by-laws, you see, and all that sort of thing;
All relating, of course, to that Mythical Bird,

From the crook of its beak to the tip of its wing;
And though no one can tell,—of a certainty know

If as white as the snow,

Or as black as a crow,—

[It has never been seen, or but seen in the night]

Yet they all did agree,—do not think it absurd,—
Did agree to agree that the thing it is white.

All about it,—the Club? Well, the most that I know
Is,—it takes in at least half the boys in the town;
And some, it would seem, that are pretty well grown,
And not to be classed with the fool and the clown;
Or at least when adjudged by the usual rules,
Whatever may be said of that Mythical Bird
By the ignorant rabble outside of the schools.
And if no one can tell,—of a certainty know
 If as white as the snow,
 Or as black as a crow,—
[It has never been seen, or but seen in the night]
Then why is it, do tell us, so very absurd
To agree to agree that the thing it is white?

“And a fight, did you say?” Aye! a terrible row!
“Tell us, how did it happen?” Well, there I am caught;
Just as any fight happens;—can’t tell you just how:
Careless thinking, nor thinking how wicked is thought,
Edward said to his friend, in a casual way:—
“I must needs have my doubts of that Mythical Bird;
Not, indeed, of the bird, but its color;—and say,
Sir, if no one can tell,—of a certainty know
 If as white as the snow,
 Or as black as a crow,—
[It has never been seen, or but seen in the night]
Is it not, let me ask, just the least bit absurd,
To agree to agree that the thing it is white?”

Who would ever have thought could such heresy be?

And the seeds of all discord so daringly sown
Bear a hundred fold fruit; and our Edward, if he

All alone lit the feud, he was not long alone.
And the fear grew apace that the faithful appall:

If a feather be plucked from that Mythical Bird,
Sure the sun would go out and the heavens would fall!

And though no one can tell,—of a certainty know
If as white as the snow,
Or as black as a crow,—

[It has never been seen, or but seen in the night]

These still held to the faith, and those held it absurd
To agree to agree that the thing it is white.

A hot word, then a blow, and the fracas began;

Soon the dearest of friends are the direst of foes:
Edward, backed by his crew,—if not quite like a man,
Like Sorossian Knight did he put in his blows.
And Harry, had you seen, when he made for his friend,
As he struck right and left for that Mythical Bird,
You had thought that the world it had come to an end.

And though no one can tell,—of a certainty know
If as white as the snow,
Or as black as a crow,—

[It has never been seen, or but seen in the night]

Still they would not, or could not,—how very absurd,
Just agree to agree that the thing it is white.

"Whipped?" Yes: Ed. and his clan, they were routed at

For this Harry he had the most terrible chaps; [last
And they beat him full sore, took his cloak and his vest,

All the pennies he had, [these he needed for schnapps]
Cut the string of his kite,—cut unkindest of all.

That he more may atone to that Mythical Bird,
Still they mix all his lager with wormwood and gall.
And though no one can tell, of a certainty know

If as white as the snow,

Or as black as a crow,—

[It has never been seen, or but seen in the night]

He must surely grow sick of such doubting absurd,
And agree to agree that the thing it is white.

NOTE.

Those who remember the great Church controversy of some years ago, of which Chicago was the centre, the parties to which were, primarily, a leading Divine and the then ruling Bishop, will hardly need any key to the foregoing poem.

And he who reads, in the light of the freer and broader thought of to-day, the history of that remarkable conflict, originating in some insignificant alleged heresy, and ending, after a prolonged and embittered struggle, in the civil courts, may be enabled to hear, far-off, the unreasoning hubbub and clamor of the fight; as did the writer at the time; and as he has attempted to depict in "The Owl-club Embroglio."

EARLIER POEMS.

*Youth to the higher Truth is blind,
That shines from Wisdom's ripened page;
The Truth that feeds the wiser mind,—
That beacons on the Golden Age.*

*O Thou aspiring soul and true!
Clothed on with years, in Virtue strong,
These lowly lays are not for you,—
These fragments of impassioned song.*

*Though old, and with a trace of tears,
As true as Nature is their truth;
And hence may bear across the years
Some message to the heart of Youth.*

HEART MYSTERIES.

WHEN unto waste the full heart-fountain's flow,
Why do we still the free libation pour?
Why shrine the image longer when we know
It may not symbol Virtue to us more?

When rarest blossom by our pathway blows,
Why listless turn away with longing eye?
Why is the flower that in our garden grows
Less worth our prizing that it blooms so nigh?

•Beneath more genial skies, on plant and tree,
Their charms are painted with a gayer hue;—
For those are fairest that we never see:
The joys are sweetest that we never knew!

Although each task of life be nobly done,
Why are we still with disappointment pained?
Constrained to own, whatever wealth is won,
The chiefest blessing is the unattained.

Oh! why, in all our gain, so little blest?
Earth's rarest gems some imperfections mar;
Why dims the lustre of each good possessed,
So robed in splendor when it shines afar?

And do we wander from the True and Real,
And only chase frail, shadowy forms of air,
When, turning still unto the far Ideal,
We look but coldly on what seemed so fair?

Or is it thus that the immortal soul
Must still relinquish all its triumphs won?
Its high aspiring for the radiant goal
Still point us onward to a task undone?

And in the brightness of celestial skies
Shall dream still yield us to a fairer dream:
Forevermore the Beautiful shall rise,
To woo and win us from each baser beam.

Receding still, though ever seeming near;
Anon rekindling with a clearer ray,
To lead us onward in that loftier sphere.
Forever onward in the upward way.

WOODLAND VESPER.

WITH level rays along the wold
The sun low slants his paling light;
Like warrior hosts, with banners bright,
The browning woodlands flame with gold;
Where slowly mantles, fold on fold,
The shadows of the brooding night.

Where songsters of the airy wing,
Whose music pours like summer rain,
Wide carol summer's later strain,
But not the gleesome songs of spring;
For oh ! the wildest lays they sing
Seem burdened with a secret pain.

The Dove, erewhile a happy bride,
Is sorrow-plainting, lorn and late;
Vain moaning for her vanished mate:
"How can I live thy love denied?"
The Quail, the meadow brook beside,
Is sighing sad: "I lonely wait!"

And he, of sylvan songsters chief,
The Thrush, that caroled late and long,
Glad flooding all the woods with song,
Sits silent in the hush of grief;
Or only wakes, in measures brief:
"Oh, weary, weary world of wrong!"

In widow-weeds of sober gray
Arrayed, the cheerful Chick-a-dee
I hearken: "Hope is left to me."
And near, a once fond, loving Jay,
Discordant, shrieks her spiteful—"Nay!"
Her sole delight to hateful be.

The Loon is crying on the lake:
"Oh, for the days forever flown!"
Along the shore, a peevish moan,
"Do pity me!" the Pewits make.
Sad booms the Bittern from the brake:
"Forevermore alone, alone!"

Scarce waiting for the brooding night
To darken over vale and hill,
In plaintive numbers, wild and shrill,
As yearning for some lost delight:
"Will never love this love requite?"
Complains the lonely Whip-poor-will.

The Bullfrog through the midnight dread
Hoarse croaks: "Love, had I known that you
Would be as true as I am true!"

The Owl, still waiting all unwed,
Loud hoots,—though with the spring has fled
His youth,—more sad, his "Who, oh! who?"

Alas! no spot on hill or plain
But troubled spirit darkly haunts;
As every pulse of Being pants
Some vanished glory to regain;
Or voices sad, with longings vain,
Our homeless souls' undying wants.

If grief had touched the minstrel throng,
Such as the tearful fountain stirs,
Or Nature, and that pain was hers,
I know not,—or if Sorrow's song
Was in my breast: for Love and Wrong
Are sorrow-tongued interpreters.

THE BARD'S FAREWELL.

ADIEU ! adieu ! fair Friend, adieu !
How swift the joy-told moments run ;
Yet absence severs not the true
Fond hearts,— in some high purpose one.

When Winter wraps the world in gloom,
Though far across yon heaving sea,
In other lands my footsteps roam ;
O ! wilt thou still remember me ?

Though this frail harp of fear and doubt
Should wake no love-endearing chime ;
Or raptured song ring sweetly out,
Through all the balmy blooming time ;—

Yet will not sad or joyous note,
In other hours poured full and free,
Unto the ear of memory float,
And gently waken thoughts of me ?

So will I trust, and this shall bring
Glad sunshine through the cloud and storm;
Add brightness to the blooms of Spring,
A rapture to these pulses warm.

While busy thought will love to trace
Thy image in each form I see;
So like unto one gentle face,
Whose smile has ever shone on me;—

Through ill and pain, in gloom and night,
Through weary years of toil and care;
A living beam of loving light,
To melt the mists of dark despair.

And I have doubted if below,
My longing eyes might, joyful, see
An orb whose beam could match the glow
Of peerless maid's, sweet Poesy.

And if its light should tear bedim,
Still borrow hope's unfailing ray;
Nor fear forgetfulness in him,
The lowly Bard, though far away.

A-NUTTING WE WILL GO.

Ho ! Olivia, Hetta, Fan,
Laura, Jessie, Madge and Ann,
Do you hear the Autumn winds as they blow?
While the nuts are showering down
From each tree, now sere and brown,
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

Richard, Edward, John and Will
Are a-waiting on the hill;
And they will not be answered with no:
Girls, do come ! put on your hoods,
With us hasten to the woods;
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

Mira, Lizzie, Matty, Sue;—
Ho ! ye dear ones, all of you !
With your cheeks, like your bosoms, a-glow;
While the hazle-nuts are brown
Thick along the bosky down,
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

And dear Morna ! cousin mine,
Where the sun has leave to shine,
And the brook in its freedom may flow;
Where each rural scene beguiles,
Where rejoicing Nature smiles;
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

Come,—thou city's fairest child !
We will roam the upland wild,
And wander in the valley below;
Where along the crimson vine
Thick the ruby clusters shine;
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

Our daring feet shall climb
The far, mountain highs sublime;
And wander where the bright waters flow:
To their sweetly-limpid song
We will listen all day long;
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

And through all the tranquil days,
We will hark the Autumn lays;
While his songs into grandeur shall grow;
And his harp in every tone
Shall reëcho in our own;
O come ! and a-nutting we will go.

TO A WOOD-DOVE.

AND THOU, too, hast returned, lorn woodland child.
Thou mournful herald of the moments golden;
I hear the plainting of thy harp-note wild,
In the dim cloisters of the forest olden.

Like a fleet arrow on thy pinion frail,
Seeking the home-haunts of a vanished summer;
Far is thy coming over hill and vale;—
The Spring-time's latest, as the saddest comer.

And there were rapture in the thrilling thought,
Of blissful message in thy wingèd keeping;
But oh! thou holdest in thy giving naught
To stay the tear, the weary eyelids steeping.

Yet dear, if darkened, are the thoughts ye bring,
Of things too deeply, for, oh! vainly cherished:
Alas! that brightest of the blooms of Spring,
Should be forever the untimely perished!

And tell me,—art thou what thou seeming art?
A joyless spirit, of bereavement telling;
Thy solemn strain its moaning to depart,
And meet the loving in love's halcyon dwelling:

With bosom-striving that is vain to win,—
Now bowed and broken in its pain and bruising;
Here seeking vainly for the true akin;
Or finding,—only to bewail the losing!

The hymn thou breathest for the vesper time,
Meseems the burden of a soul benighted;
That beareth trial, if with hope sublime,
With tender yearnings that are unrequited.

That seeks, aweary, through the years in vain,
Its meet companion, the ONE gentle-hearted;
Or feels the piercing of a deeper pain:
To know the faithful from the Earth departed.

O Songstress sad! Or be thou sprite or bird,
Thy plaint is like unto the heart's revealing,
When sable pinion of some grief hath stirred
The tearful fountains of the springs of feeling.

FAR AWAY.

OFF my listening ear has caught
Echo from the world of thought;
Like a voice of thrilling tone,
Borne unto the spirit lone;
Voice of loved one, seeming nigh,
Breathing in soft zephyr's sigh,
Of some fairer, Eden-clime,
Balm and bloom and vesper-chime,
Lit with joy's serener ray:
Blest Elysium, Far Away!

Home of Beauty! Where the sight
Only drinketh in delight;
Where each outward form is rife
With the inner heavenly life;
Where each orb, with steadfast ray,
Kindleth on through endless day;
Where the fair Ideal, prized,
Is the Real realized;
Oh! how glorious, though it lay
Dimly in the Far Away.

Where the endless Ages wing
On through ever opening Spring;
Where the rose's sweetest prime
Fades not with the passing time;
Where, delighting sense and sight,
All unknown to frost and blight,
Luscious, ripened clusters shine
On the tender, budding vine,
Bright with Summer's halcyon ray,
In the land of Far Away.

Mid enchanted scenes to roam,
Of that love-transfigured home;
Where the waves of crystal rest,
Round the Islands of the Blest;
Where, to raptured union wrought,
Souls akin in life and thought,
Heart to heart, as hand to hand,
Wander on the golden strand:
Bear me, Time,—nor late delay!
To that realm of FAR AWAY.

TO A DAGUERREOTYPE.

OH ! THOU art, in beauteous seeming,
Most queenly of maidens and rare
That ever this heart in its dreaming
Inwove in each vision so fair;
Though knowing thou art but a shadow;—
Yet not a frail shadow of air.

Thou art Love's incarnate Ideal,
The truest I ever may see;
What glory immantles the Real,
If such but the semblance may be !
Is substance not more than the shadow ?
And beauty eternal with thee !

These charms, like a halo around thee,
Were rained from a radiant face;
One ravishing, ripe look hath crowned thee
With royalest, maidenly grace;
Thou beauty of mortal immortalized;—
Thou child of the sunshine's embrace !

What though on that fair brow no luster
Of life's mystic changes is met,
Yet there all the graces do cluster,
And Thought's starry signet is set;
And Wrong never wrought in its chamber,
To waken a life-long regret.

What though no fond spirit may lighten
These orbs with love's tremulous ray,
Nor glance of affection, to brighten
Life's seasons, so leaden and gray;
No turbulent midnight may darken
Their noon of perpetual day.

Though never these cheeks, where are thronging
The tints of all roses that blow,
Shall thrill with love's passion and longing,
Nor bliss of warm kisses may know;
They never with tears shall be clouded,
Nor paled with long-waiting and woe.

What though of these dear lips, delicious,
No heart-healing accents are born,
Yet, — pardon the thought, if malicious, —
Their silence no discord must mourn;
Dear lips! that, if mute in Love's summer.
Are hushed in the winter of scorn.

When lone in the midnight of sorrow
I sigh for endearing caress,
And dream of love's beautiful morrow,
Thy pure lips for comfort I press:
Oh joy! if no soul-thrilling rapture,
A joy that shall never be less.

O Love! while the song-birds are mating
And singing in garden and tree,
Where in the wide world art thou waiting,
That only thy shadow I see?
This heart for thy coming is sighing;—
The home-nest is builded for thee.

THE DEEPER GRIEF.

WHEN the dear friend, whose home is in our heart,
Goes hence, if but to cross the darkling wave,
Or dangers dread of trackless wilds to brave;
To see the form so well beloved depart;
To feel the hand's farewell electric thrill,
How to our eyes the free, quick tears will start;
While every effort is in vain to still
The wildly throbbing heart.

Or, sadder thought ! to know Death comes to claim,
In spite of prayer and woe-imbittered tear,
Our dearest wealth,— than life itself more dear;
A shining mark but prompts his surer aim !
To yield thus, all too soon, love's priceless hoard,
While burn our bosoms with a quenchless flame
Through troubled years; the lost all unrestored,—
May much of sorrow claim.

But grief like this finds medicine for pain:
Though best endeared may be no longer nigh;
Though oft we miss the love-delighted eye,—
The friend afar may yet come back again.
And if released from earthly ill and thrall,
The while we mourn each vanished form in vain,
Although we might, our hearts would not recall
The loved released from pain.

Yet grief there is,—a grief more dread than this,
A bosom-sorrow that far deeper lies;
Nor by complaining, nor by tear-wet eyes,
May the fond heart its anguished care confess:
And oh ! but little sympathy can bring,
To woo the spirit to forgetfulness;
Nor is there balm in all the bloom of Spring,
For sorrow, such as this.

When loving heart in tenderness goes out,
And bears its all to Passion's rapture-shrine,
So seeming radiant with the light divine,
And yields its worship without fear or doubt;—
How beauty-charmed, wings all the halcyon day !
But oh ! what night within, and night without,
When dazzling beam of love's illusive ray
Goes swift forever out.

But who hath seen, unchastened by a tear,
Love's noontide ray outshine its morning beam?
The glad fulfillment of its early dream,
Nor felt the wing of disappointment near?
Or found its golden harvest ripened best
In days of hope, undewed by nights of fear?
Its deepest, purest, sweetest visions blest,—
Its price full many a tear.

TO MY MOTHER.

On revisiting the home of her childhood.

EACH olden haunt, each once familiar scene;—
Were these the same, or changed in all, as thou?
The dear old homestead with its lawn of green :—
Is it the dwelling of the stranger now?

The ancient, shadowy woodland, dim and vast,
The brook, the meadow where the lilies grew;
Could these,—each fond memento of the Past,
Some blissful portion of the Past renew?

And didst thou hear the mystic voices still,
The household voices of the olden time?
The while thy busy wheel was wont to trill,—
Its music blending with the shuttle's chime.

Didst heark each tone that at departing day
Oft thrilled the silence of the slumbering vale?
The sheep-bell's tinkling on the hills away,
Or Brindle's lowing for the waiting pail?

Didst seek again the orchard, mossy grown?—
Thy girlhood's feats were ill repeated now :
To steal away at twilight fall alone,
And climb for pippins to the topmost bough.

Or all the day with light, unwearied tread,
With Autumn winds to roam the upland wild;
Nor care a fig, though everybody said:
“ Ah me ! for such a harum-scarum child.”

And could the brightness of a moment brief
All painful memories from thy heart erase?
Nor dimmed and clouded by a vanished grief,
The thrilling fervor of each fond embrace?

Was more of joy within thy bosom shrined
For love's enraptured greeting, high and true,
Or grief, that with remembrance too is twined
The painful, last, long, passionate adieu?

Oh ! what a lofty faith we need to store,
That Hope shall still her cheerful sunlight cast
Along our way, when parting moments pour
Love's wild farewell;— the dearest, for the last.

NAMES vs. NAMES.

THOUGH as balmy delight would the summer endear,
And the rose and the lily as lovely appear,
 All unchristened the lily and rose,
Yet my soul would aspire to that radiant sphere,
 Where the name shall the being disclose.

There is Laura, frail lily, Olivia the fair,
Lovely Sarah, madonna of saintliest air,
 Fragile Flora, so tender and kind;
Gentle, joy bringing Evaline, patient to bear,
 And Louise with both passion and mind.

There is taciturn Clara, with puritan eye,
Artless Anna, whose lip may no feeling belie,
 And the sprightly and voluble May;
And our Kate, the dear love, like the tenderest tie,
 Still the nearest the farthest away.

There is darling Augusta, too lofty to love,
 And the fair-browed Sophia, too timid to rove,
 Cousin Olive, rare child of the sun;
 And Irette, that in tempest and sunshine may move,
 All the Furies and Juno in one.

And a thousand, as fair, seem as charming to choose:
 And half lover, half friend,—such occasions to lose,
 Oft my bosom is sorely perplexed,
 Till I turn unto her whom my heart and my Muse
 Find forever an infinite text.

So I yield but to one,—not Minerva or Jane,
 Fanny, Angie or Sue, whether comely or plain,
 But to her of the motherly creed:
 Though but little will reck in Love's beautiful reign,
 What her name, if a Mary in deed.

AN ARIETTA.

I NEVER reared in garden bower
A bud of rare delight,
But careless hand despoiled the flower,
Or some untimely blight.

I never tuned my harp to wake
A gladly joyous strain,
But some unbidden bosom-ache
Would change its note to pain.

I never had a chosen friend,
On whom my heart was set,
But would some weaker word offend,
To leave life-long regret.

I never had a sweetheart true,
To cheer life's lonely hours,
But oh ! my darling faded too
With Summer's dying flowers.

I never had a thing to call
My own, that wore a trace
Of beauty, but some chance would fall
To mar each heavenly grace.

And is there aught of earthly things
That is from chance secure?
Do all terrestrial joys take wing.
And only Change endure?

Though life is one long bootless quest.
That Death at last entombs,
Undying in the human breast
Still Hope perennial blooms.

From every loss is something left;
Some good in good denied;
The heart is never quite bereft
While Hope and Faith abide.

I will not sit supine and weak.
Nor rail at adverse Fate;
The high Ideal that I seek
Must surely somewhere wait.

THE FLOWERS' COMPLAINT.

Long yestermorn, in musing mood,
In garden walks I loitered lone,
With faded garlands darkly strewn
By Boreal fingers, fierce and rude;
As if with Ariel-tongue imbued,
Loud sang the Pine-tree's wintry moan.

And resting on the mossy mound,
Where Violets' loving eyes beseech,
Lo! voices to my ear upreach
From leafless shrub and barren ground;—
From blooms in frosty fetters bound:
The lorn winds shaped them into speech.

I heard the Lily's lowly plaint:
"Oh! rayless glooms my bosom throng."
The Asphodel, in saddened song:
"Alas! this darkness and constraint."
The Tulip answered, chill and faint:
"Ah me! the wintry hours are long."

Sad spoke the Jasmine, lying prone:

"How mournful breaks the morning gray."

More faint, the Ivy seemed to say:

"I vain my dreary lot bemoan."

The Lilac, in more sprightly tone:

"I dream my darling dream of May."

The Hyacinth. upbraiding Fate:

"Let purple wine these pulses thrill!"

Low moaned the prisoned Daffodil:

"The winter lingers long and late."

The Violet crooned,— "I lonely wait."

The Snow-drop: "Suffering heart, be still."

Deep in the bud the Roses sighed:

"Oh! that the year were always June!"

"These storms were ordered all too soon!"

Came from the Dahlia's flaunting pride.

The patient Yucca, sorrow-tried:

"I wait the radiant Harvest-moon."

Were these the yearning prophecy

Of coming Spring, and not in vain?

Oh! many a heart, in doubt and pain,

Sends up, as they, the plaint and cry

Of waiting loves, that may not die:

"When will the Summer come again?"

THE LAST TEMPTATION.

ART thou weary with the crosses,
Trials, disappointments, losses
That begird our fleeting days;
Weary of the restless running,
Of the toil and fret of shunning
Want and poverty and dunning,
Thronging all life's thorny ways;—

If no joy thy pulses quicken;
Is thy soul with sorrow stricken,
Mourning for love's parted links;
Hast thou deeply loved or hated,
Wrongly mated, or, unmated
Hast thou waited, vainly waited,
Jilted by some heartless minx;—

If it is thy firm conviction
That thine is the sore affliction
Sent to try the sons of men;
If in all the wide creation
Thou canst find no consolation,
In thy darkest desolation,
Try, O! try the Poet's pen.

Pain forgetting in thy writing,
Some new beauty-dream inditing,
Let the Muse one moment bless;
When to thee the thought is meted,
When the poem is completed,
Rightly writ and justly feeted,
Send, oh! send it to the Press.

When again the rhythmic wonder
You behold,— through typo's blunder
Into jargon vile recast,—
O! beware of the rehearsing:
If you do not fall a-cursing
Printers, printers' devils, versing,—
Know the last temptation past.

TRIUMPH TO LABOR.

Too long the Poet's task has been,
Through all the stormy Past,
To sound Oppression's battle din,
And wake War's trumpet blast.
But now to loftier themes he turns,
His notes swell high and strong;
While, raptured, many a bosom burns
At the glad promise-song.

A triumph to the worker-band,
Long bound with triple chain;
For Science, with an iron hand,
Has parted it in twain.
Though on her bloodless battle-ground
The march is just begun,
We have a noble ally found,
And proudest triumphs won.

Deep in the cumbering earth she knows
Where the rich metal lies;
Down to the dark abyss she goes,—
Gathers the glittering prize.

Her arms grow stronger day by day,
Her sinews never tire;
She wields the sledge with ponderous sway,
And blows the furnace fire.

Along the vale full many a tone
Comes up at early morn,
Where ceaseless pounds her pestle-stone,
Grinding our needful corn.
And still I hear the live-long day
Her thousand spindles sing;
While answering to her treadles' play,
A thousand shuttles spring.

TRIUMPH TO LABOR! Boundless seas
Do own her mighty reign;
And many a swelling mountain breeze
Rings with her sounding train;
While far across the dreary waste
She links her iron span;
And then with lightning speed makes haste
On missions of love to Man.

TO THE OLD LOG HOUSE.

1848.

How can I say adieu, mine olden home?

My lone heart lingers, clinging still to thee:
All feet, save mine, have sought yon prouder dome:
This night thou sad and tenantless wilt be.

When mine shall, too, across thy threshold stray,
No more to seek thee, as in days before,
Thy halls shall darken, and no cheerful ray
Shall glow and brighten on thy hearthstone more.

Nor here again, when twilight waxeth dim,
Shall kindred voices in glad converse blend;
Nor here again arise the evening hymn,
Nor here the morning orison ascend.

Here have I hearkened to the voice divine,
That well has called me from my earliest youth,
To lowly worship at each sacred shrine
Of Beauty, Nature, Poesy and Truth.

And, listening, I have felt within me strong,
Above my frailer, weaker part up-borne,
The love of Right, nor less the hate of Wrong;
A deathless sympathy for all who mourn.

And oft, when laden with the ills that press
All heavily on the aspiring soul;
When faint and weary, and in loneliness,
The way all darkened to life's shining goal;—

From bootless wanderings in Earth's mazy wilds,
With heart congealing in the world's cold scorn,
Here have I come to meet affection's smiles,
And taste the rapture of hopes newly born.

And oh ! what bliss in thy calm shade to find,
What well could win me from the wish to roam,
The hearthstone bright, the kindred hearts and kind;
All that is circled by the bond of Home.

The mother's smile, that all the years across
Has been life's sunshine from my infant years;
The love and precepts of a sire, whose loss
Still claims the homage of free, filial tears.

And oft, when forth to reap the ripened grain,
Or guide the plow across the fallow lea,
Or cast the seed, to wait the sun and rain,
And trust the harvest would abundant be;—

I hither turned me at departing day,
With weary, aching feet and tired hand;
To rest, and weave, perchance, some simple lay;
That healed all sorrow, like magician's wand.

Adieu! Yet sadly do I turn from thee:
Thou wast my home, if homely, humble, rude;
How like a poriton of my destiny,
Its rugged, shake-thatched roof and walls unhewed.

Through all the years, though in a palace fine,
Or far from thee, with homeless feet I roam,
All thou hast been to me, my heart shall shrine:
Farewell! a last farewell! mine olden home.

TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY.

O THOU ! that sittest by the heavenly urns
Full-brimmed with love, as is thy harp with song;
Bereft of thee my heart but strives and yearns:
Why hast thou left it in its gloom so long?

The world is darkened when thou art afar:
Oh ! why with thee should every bliss depart?
I look in vain for Hope's unclouded star;
And love's warm beams fall coldly on my heart.

Thou more than Friend ! I will no longer mourn
Each lost delight, if thou with me dost dwell;
With thee, no loss can leave me quite forlorn;
If only thou art with me, all is well.

Come, tune my harp once more to nobler themes,
And touch its strings with inspiration's fire;
Purge thou my breast of world-enthralling dreams,
And quicken every pulse of pure desire.

O thou that hast the gift of prophesy,
The gift divine ! to answer true and well
All questions deep, of life and destiny;
Thou canst the good and ill alike foretell.

The end that in my spirit is begun;
The sore temptations that shall throng its way;
If strength shall gird it till the prize be won;
Or weakness yield it to the tempter's sway;—

Thou knowest;— seeing all the way before:
As twilight deepens, when the day is passed,
The task-time ended and the struggle o'er,
Shall triumph be my portion at the last?

And thou canst tell me: Will the Future bring
What most I covet?— only found in thee:
Along my path shall the sweet fountain spring,—
Whose source is love, whose wave is sympathy?

Alone to Beauty's altar do I turn;—
Came answer sweet,— my thought rebuking so:
"Nay ! Thousand eyes do kindle, hearts do burn
At Spring's delight and Summer's radiant show.

“And far and near, at many a lowly shrine,
Are true hearts kindling, though to thee unknown;
Who hark the music of each song divine:
Oh ! Beauty’s worship is not thine alone.

“And there are smiles as gentle as the rays
That Luna sheds upon a summer sea;
And hearts as warm as genial, spring-time days;
And these, perchance, may yet thy portion be.

“But shouldst thou still thy destiny bewail,
Each high endeavor bootless seem and vain;
Love prove a fickle goddess, fair and frail,
And Friendship’s harvest be but care and pain;—

“Yet know, while walking in the shadows lone.
That as the effort shall the triumph be;
For all shall surely come unto *THEIR OWN*,
In the bright realm we name *Eternity*. ”

EPILOGUE.

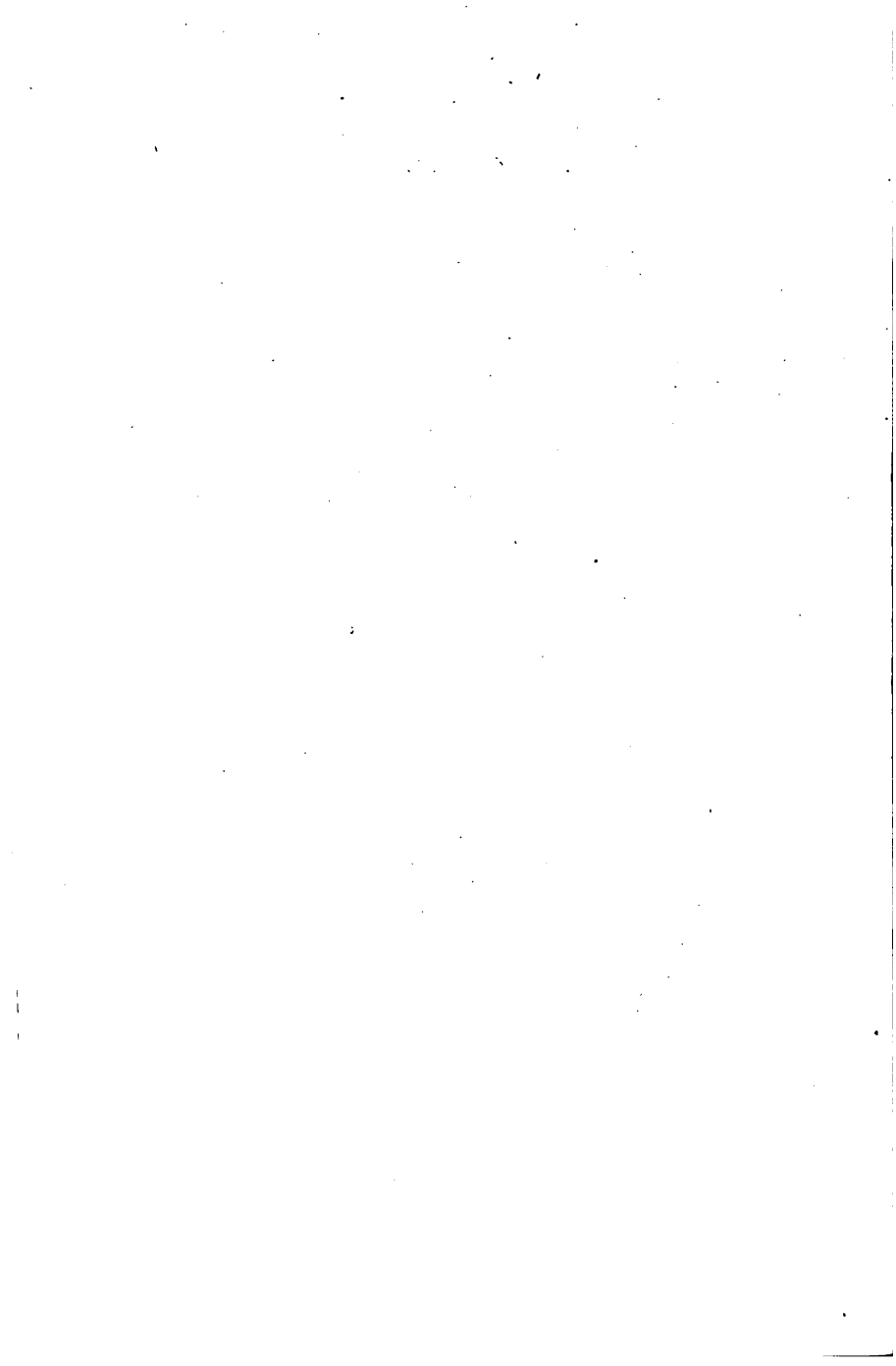
To my Unknown Friends.

*Sweet is the gift of honest praise:
Nor would the Poet scorn, if true,
The little meed of honor due
 These roundelays,
So dear unto the humblest Bard;
Yet more than Fame,— his best reward.
Your gentle, loving, just regard,
O Friends! whose coming still delays.*

*And if, to Dryad numbers wed,
His reed shall charm a lonely hour,
When Autumn woods or Summer bower
 Ye idly tread;
If inarticulate voices heard
In wail of wind, in scream of bird,—
The lore in Nature's hidden Word
Herein ye find interpreted;—*

*If sweet as spring-time odors blown
From fields a-bloom, on balmy air,
His homely woodland lute shall bear
 A healing tone,
Far heard, as when the minstrel throng
Fills all the budding groves with song,
Like voice of friend, remembered long.
To you, O! kindred hearts unknown;—*

*Enough:— Albeit to sorrow born,
In all our loss, if love be left,
We do not wander all bereft
 In world forlorn;
The soul so true, so simply wise,
To know its own through all disguise,—
That owns the heart's more subtle ties,
May wait;— but not as they that mourn.*



BB.





